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SPECULATION:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, NO. 39,
PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1800.

PR5221
R3S6

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANJORE	*Mr. Lewis.*
PROJECT	*Mr. Munden.*
ALDERMAN ARABLE	*Mr. Quick.*
CAPTAIN ARABLE	*Mr. Middleton.*
JACK ARABLE	*Mr. Fawcet.*
SIR FRED. FAINTLY	*Mr. Claremont.*
VICKERY	*Mr. Farley.*

LADY PROJECT	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
EMMELINE	*Miss Wallis.*
CECILIA	*Mrs. Mountain.*

Printed, by T. Crowder, at the Anti-Jacobin Press,
Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.

SPECULATION.

ACT I.

SCENE.——*An Apartment in* PROJECT'S *Country Houſe. A Door in Flat.*

CECILIA *diſcovered trying to unlock the Door.*

CECILIA.

SO, nobody being near, I'll make uſe of the attendant's key, and for the ſecond time converſe with my dear Emmeline. We were yeſterday interrupted by Sir Frederick, and I had only time to ſay a few words to my old friend and ſchool-fellow, but now—how! Sir Frederick again!

Enter Sir FREDERICK FAINTLY.

Cecil. Sir, I beg I may not be thus conſtantly diſturb'd.

Sir Fred. Diſturb'd! I would requeſt the ſame favour, Miſs Cecilia, but that nothing on earth ever diſturbs me; and indeed nothing ever pleaſes me—I'm in a perfect ſtate of happy *nonchalance*—I fancy though we're both on the same errand—that door, heh?

Cecil. I told you yeſterday, ſir, I know nothing about that door.

Sir Fred. Oh, for ſhame!—what! do you pretend not to know that it leads to that part of the

houſe where Emmeline is lock'd up? come, come, Miſs—you remember I caught you bribing the attendant to lend you the key—*Cecilia walks about in agitation)* now why be affronted? nothing ever affronts me—no, if you were a man, and choſe to ſay I had cauſed all Emmeline's ſufferings—that I had behaved like a raſcal to her—then ſend me a challenge—then cane—then kick me—why, I ſhouldn't be affronted—no, I've too much good breeding and good temper.

Cecil. Very likely, ſir; but as a viſitor at Mr. Project's houſe here in the country, I pry into no family ſecrets—if I did, I believe the ſtory of this young lady——

Sir Fred. Ah, poor girl! ſhe and all her large fortune had been mine if ſhe hadn't—you underſtand—love touch'd her brain.

Cecil. How do you mean, ſir?

Sir Fred. Why, that's the cauſe of her preſent confinement: to be ſure ſhe has lately recovered her ſenſes—indeed is quite reſtored; but her guardian and phyſician think her entering too ſuddenly on the world again might occaſion a relapſe—therefore ſhe is kept quiet and cloſe in that part of the houſe—Would you believe it, ma'am, ſhe preferr'd another man to me?

Cecil. Indeed! and who could be ſo accompliſh'd as to out-rival a lover like ſir Frederick?

Sir Fred. A couſin of her's, one Captain Arable, whoſe father, being averſe to the match, ſent him to Gibraltar, where ever ſince——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lady Project deſires to ſee you immediately.

Cecil. There now—you need not be mortified—there's

there's your equivalent: I'm ſure her ladyſhip prefers you to another man, even to her huſband.

Sir Fred. She does, ſo ſhew me to her. Miſs, if you ſhould get a peep at Emmeline, tell her as I'm always in love in the country——-

Cecil. In the country! Why not in London?

Sir Fred. Oh, that depends on the part of the town I'm in—I conſtantly adapt myſelf, and in every ſtreet I'm a different man—for inſtance now: in the Temple I'm a lawyer; in St. James's-ſtreet a lounger; in St. George's church I'm a married man; in Doctors' Commons a bachelor; Guildhall gives me an appetite: the Alley makes me waddle; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing; and in Lombard-ſtreet I've as many plumbs as a banker—So tell Emmeline I ſtill love her and will ſtill be her huſband. [*Exit.*

Cecil. Now then for my charming recluſe—(*Opens a door in flat.*) Emmeline, it is your friend Cecilia! [*She leads in* Emmeline.

Emme. Oh, forgive me, 'tis ſo long ſince I have ſeen a friend.

Cecil. Come, as we were interrupted yeſterday, pray ſit down and proceed with your ſtory: the little I have heard makes me anxious to hear more—(*They ſit*)—now, my ſweet friend, proceed.

Emme. I will when I am able—Firſt then, did you ever hear the name of Edward Ara——? you ſee my weakneſs; I have not power to proceed.

Cecil. Nay, nay; unboſom your feelings: pray go on.

Emme, I will, I will—the name of Edward Arable—it is enough to ſay we lov'd and were divided—My father choſe Sir Frederick for my huſband, and on the morn of our intended marriage, they falſely told me Edward was no more. What was to

be

be done? my lover dead! about to be united to his rival! my health long worn by grief and diſappointment! Oh my friend! I had not ſtrength to combat againſt ſuch complicated miſery: a fever ſeiz'd me; my harraſs'd brain was heated to delirium, and merciful forgetfulneſs gave me that comfort, my friends and father had denied me!

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! and during your malady your father died.

Emme. He did, bequeathing me his whole fortune in caſe of recovery, and appointing Mr. Project my guardian. Now mark what follows: two months ago the phyſician, who had the care of me, proclaim'd my health reſtor'd, and I came to this houſe in the full hope of taking poſſeſſion of my fortune, and ſharing it with the man who beſt deſerves it---but what is the reverſe? I am confin'd to thoſe rooms; not ſuffer'd to be ſeen or ſpoken to; my letters intercepted and deſtroy'd, and when I aſk the reaſon for all this, they ſay, "Your health's pre-"carious, it requires peace and quiet, and if you "mix too ſuddenly with the world the joy may "occaſion a relapſe"---the joy! What joy, my "friend? What pleaſure can there be in mixing with that world that hitherto has only robbed me of my ſenſes, and thwarted me in my affections?

Cecil. True, Emmeline; and now I ſee the motive for your guardian's conduct---He is an enterprizing man---has involv'd your fortune in his ſchemes; and at preſent not being able to give you a fair account, he keeps you cloſe, till by ſome lucky ſpeculation he is enabled to repay you---but is there no way to extricate you? no means of eſcaping?

Emme. None; impoſſible.

Cecil. I have contrived to unlock one door in your room,

room, you ſee; why can't I get the key of the other?

Emme. Becauſe it leads to a pagoda that adjoins the houſe, and which has not been opened ſince my confinement. Oh Cecilia! is it not hard to wake as from a long and frightful dream, and find all true? no cheering friend to diſſipate your terrors? nay, even he whoſe very ſmiles would clear the clouds around me! he to be abſent! he not near to ſoothe me!

Cecil. He knows not of your recovery---your letters have not reach'd him, elſe——huſh! ſomebody's coming! *(Looks out.)* it is your guardian! I cannot leave you ſo unſatisfied—let me go with you---we'll plan ſome letters that may recall his ſenſibility---his heart was once humane; and had he not ruin'd himſelf by living beyond his income---

Emme. Ah! there's the fountain of all modern evil! when once a man exceeds the limits of his fortune, the barrier of honour as well as prudence is thrown down---money is borrowed never to be repaid---friends are dup'd and become enemies---the gaming table is flown to as a laſt effort,--till imperceptibly, ſtep by ſtep, the mind, originally virtuous, becomes deſperate, harden'd, and unprincipled! and for theſe errors I am doom'd to ſuffer! but he's here---Oh my father! why was I left to be the ſacrifice of another's diſſipation and extravagance?

[EMMELINE *and* CECILIA *exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter PROJECT *followed by a* Servant.

Project. I tell you, go directly to Portſmouth; take my own carriage and horſes, and, when the packet arrives from the Eaſt Indies, aſk for Mr. Tanjore,

Tanjore, and give him this letter---ſtop, let me read it once more.——

" *My dear Couſin,*

" My houſe in town is magnificently fitted
" up to receive you---to my houſe in the country
" I have added two wings, built in the eaſtern
" ſtyle to make it more worthy your acceptance;
" my carriage, horſes, and ſervants are waiting
" to conduct you to London; and I have got a
" bride for you, young, beautiful, and rich."

There, that will pleaſe the young Nabob; to be ſure it was unlucky my ſhutting my doors againſt him before he went to India, but theſe attentions, and bringing his ſiſter Cecilia to my houſe, will remove former prejudices, and make it a moſt ſucceſsful ſpeculation---there, diſpatch.

[*Giving letter to the* Servant.

Serv. I will, ſir. [*Exit.*

Project. Then by marrying him to my ward Emmeline, I ſhall prevent any overhawling of accounts, and if I keep her cloſe till he arrives——here comes my wife in a rage at my refuſing her money this morning---the miſerly ſpendthrift! to be ſaving farthings in the comforts and neceſſaries of life, and waſting hundreds in luxuries and ſuperfluities.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project, how dare you refuſe me money when I condeſcend to ſend for it?

Project. Becauſe 'tis time to grow prudent, madam. Wait the event of my ſpeculations before you let folly and extravagance again undo us.

Lady Pro.

Lady Pro. Extravagance!—Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—did'nt the first wise bubble burst into air?

Project. The first, madam!

Lady Pro. Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphusicon, and say you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertis'd, as the "celebrated champion of England, by Rembrant," turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St. George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leadenhall Market? was'nt the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before by a glasier's boy, in Cheapside?——

Project. No, no, Madam. Besides if it was, didn't the speculation on bark make me ample amends?—did'nt I, by the monopoly of that medicine, dispose of it at my own price?

Lady Pro. No: for the doctors and apothecaries, finding they could get no profit by it, swore bark was unwholesome physic, and nobody took it.---Then did't you run up so many new houses at Paddington that many of them were built without stair-cases; and by the time one part was finish'd, didn't another fall all to pieces?---wasn't——

Project. Zounds! have you done, ma'am?---I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!---What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

Project. Yes; but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a hammercloth---you will quarrel with your maid for

burning two candles instead of one; and the same night lose a thousand pounds at faro---and, answer me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well: and what then, sir?

Project. Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosegays—and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricle, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?---another time when you and your favourite Sir Frederick——

Lady Pro. There he always strikes me dumb---Oh! if I could recriminate! (*aside*) Well, sir: what of Sir Frederick? I'm sure there's no impropriety in our intimacy: we are never tête a tête---At the theatre, the opera, all public places, my grandmother is always present; and if ever Sir Frederick kist the tip of my finger, the old lady saw it---

Project. That's impossible: for the old lady's as blind as Cupid.---However, it isn't our interest to quarrel; and if my schemes on the Alderman and the Nabob turn out as I expect, you shall have what money you desire---come, shake hands,---and now walk with me towards Aldgate farm, and I'll explain to you all my plans.

Lady Pro. Aldgate farm! there again! pray, sir, to whom do you owe the power you have over the Alderman? By whose means is that lump of agriculture become an annuity to you?---have not my charms lur'd him?

Project. To be sure: he too has a blindness; and by his own affectations of intrigue, and your flattering his vanity——

Lady Pro. He is become so attach'd to the wife, that

that the husband may speculate him out of all his property. Well, sir, since you confess the obligation, I'll walk with you, and see how this curious gentleman farmer goes on. Saturday is the day, I think, the rustick comes from London.

Project. It is: and as usual he only comes to paint his outhouses and neglect his land.---The farm is mine, and he thinks I shall give him a long lease; but when I find he has finish'd his improvements, I'll let it over his head.—— Oh, Eliza! this is the age for speculation---People love delusion---ay, so much that the more you dupe them, the better they like you, and while a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which nobody adopts, a dashing west-end of the town gentlemen shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!---every body meets him in full cry---This is my plan, and so the Nabob and the gentleman farmer shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE---*A view of the* Alderman's *Farm—Barn with painted doors—Carts, waggons, &c. of different colours—Hay-stack cover'd with an elegant awning—White rails, &c.*

VICKERY *discovered with a basket in his hand.*

Vickery. Here are alterations!—The vulgar clod who kept this farm before my master, said he built every thing for use; he minded the value not the look of a thing;—now I think the Alderman has shewn him the difference.---Here he comes, and I must be off to his dear Lady Project with this basket full of choice garden-stuff, and haunches of Nova Scotia mutton. I wish the Alderman may succeed better as a lover than as a farmer; though

between you and I, master Vickery, I believe he knows as much of the one as of the other. [*Exit.*

Enter PROJECT *and Alderman* ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. There, there are improvements!——Welcome to Aldgate farm, my friend.

Project. Thank'ye, Alderman, thank'ye.—Any news in London?

Ald. Ar. That for London,---that for trade! (*snapping his fingers.*) here's the spot to make a fortune in. Look, my dear friend: is'nt every thing so tasty? so neat? so clean? you see at once this is none of your rough dirty farms: it belongs to a gentleman; not to a farmer.

Project. True: all the outhouses so new, so neat! ay, common farmers never think of these things.

Ald. Ar. No: plodding blockheads! they think of nothing but ploughing, sowing, and reaping: they look to the inside of their barns; I to the out! that pretty team now; (*pointing to one.*) it carries all the ashes and other manure to a neighbouring farmer's, for you must know I'm too cleanly to have any dust or dirt thrown on my land: a little chalk makes it look light and pretty.—Then the piggery! what do you think of the piggery? there! why there it is.

Project. Mercy on me! in high varnish! Why, its very elegant. But pray, Alderman, haven't you found that the pigs spoil the paint?

Ald. Ar. Yes, and that the paint spoils the pigs; so I've got an excellent remedy---I keep none.

Project. That's one way to be sure.---But with regard to the more essential parts of farming,---how goes on your cabbage plantation? your speculation on butter? what have been your profits?

Ald. Ar. Profit! ask my bailiff about that. The fact

fact is, Project, I have had a curst unlucky year: the seasons have been against me: a hot winter---a frosty summer---flies, blights, and grubs, in all the corn---sheep, calves, and horses, all with the staggers ---foxes eating up my chickens—cocknies shooting my geese—and as for the speculation you mention, why, the cows eat me forty load of hay, and I only made thirty pounds of butter;---" Debtor for hay one hundred forty five pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence. Per contra, creditor for butter, one pound, seventeen shillings, and ten pence halfpenny farthing!"

Project. Ah! I see it don't answer so well as I expected; but about the plantation?

Ald Ar. Oh! the cabbages.---Ay: there Iv'e been fortunate.---I tell you what---that plantation and my Nova Scotia sheep will make up for all my losses.

JACK ARABLE. (*without.*)

Father---Where are you father?

Project. Here's your son. I'm told since he left Oxford and went to study under a special pleader, that he's much improv'd.---Why his education must have cost you a great sum of money, Alderman?

Ald Ar. Thousands, thousands! But he'll repay me.---Hark'ye; he is now a Batchelor of Arts---by and by King's Counsel---hereafter member for the county---then great Orator---the Seals---the Cabinet! Oh! there's no doubt but Jack will make his own fortune and mine too.

Project. How do you mean?---why don't you allow him an income?

Ald. Ar. Not a shilling.---I have given him a most glorious education and that's fortune enough now-a-days.---Now he starts fair, and he's like my field of cabbages;

cabbages; so well cultivated that there's no doubt of a fine crop.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. O father, I've been hunting for you every where. The Novia Scotia Sheep,——pheugh. *puffing himself.*

Ald. Ar. Well, what of the dear animals?

Jack. Why, they have broken into the plantation and are eating up the cabbages as fast as they can—I dare say I saw them devour one third before I came away.

Ald. Ar. You did! did you?—where's the bailiff? —oh! this is an old manœuvre—the farmers are in a combination against me, and whenever their cattle want food, they send them to breakfast, dine, and sup on my crops—they're not my sheep, so I'll go and pound them—in the mean time, Jack, do you give my friend, Mr. Project, a specimen of your talents. [*Exit.*

Jack Ar. My talents!—Lord! they speak for themselves I'm sure—don't they Mr. ——

Project. How long is it since you left college, sir? —and pray what was your chief study there?

Jack Ar. Study, heh?—come—that's fair, very fair. Why, my study was to shoot without missing: leap five barr'd gates full speed—get drunk—make love to my laundress—break lamps with my mathematical instruments, and knock down the proctors with the classics—famous, heh?—oh! I finished my education in a most capital style.

Project. So I perceive, sir—but how do you like the Temple, sir?—how does Special Pleading agree with you?

Jack Ar. Special Pleading!---I'm above that---mum:---don't tell father, and I'll let you into a secret---

ſecret---I've been two years with a Special Pleader and never ſaw his fat face in all my life---fair, heh! ---very fair!---no, no:---I know——

Project. What do you know, ſir?

Jack Ar. That Weſtminſter Hall won't do for Jack Arable---the market's over-ſtocked---there's ſuch a croud of black cattle, and ſo few buyers, that one half muſt be returned on the owner's hand, at prime coſt.---O!—beſides, if one did get a brief, the King's Bench is like other courts, ſo crouded, that there's no getting a place in it—and there's the caſe—I muſt come back to father---and what then?---he won't give me the Spaniſh.

Project. The Spaniſh!---now what the devil's that?

Jack Ar. Why, ready money, not credit or paper. When I aſk him for a few guineas he reminds me of my education---refers me to Weſtminſter Hall---ſays I ſhall be call'd next term and make thouſands. Thouſands! plague on't!---after being three years a Barriſter, attending the courts, and going the circuits; I dare ſay, I ſhan't fetch the price of my gown and wig!---ſo you ſee, Mr. Project, here am I with a finiſh'd education in the high road to a jail.

Project. No, no---your marriage with Cecilia will prevent that.

Jack Ar. Ay, I ſhall be glad to have her.

Project. What! you love her, do you?

Jack Ar. No, but I love her fortune, and if I could marry her to-morrow, I'd touch the Spaniſh, and be off to London directly---to Epſom Races---the grand Cricket Match---zounds!---in making me a Special Pleader, they'd ſpoil one of the moſt daſhing dogs in Europe.

Re-enter

Re-enter Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. I've ſecur'd the gormandizers, and there's an end of that buſineſs. Well, my friend, how have you found him?—iſn't his head like my land?

Project. Exactly—ſo barren that no cultivation can improve it—(*aſide.*) but ſince you agree to the match with Cecilia, the ſooner he pays his addreſſes the better. What ſay you? will you go and have the firſt interview now?

Ald. Ar. With all my heart; her brother is a Nabob, ſo let's go directly——

Jack. Ar. Stop, ſtop—when we get to Mr. Project's houſe, you muſt both of you grant me a favour, you muſt let me ſee my brother Edward's friend.

Project. Who is that, ſir?

Jack. Ar. Why, the lady that's lock'd up—my couſin Emmeline---nay, don't be angry; I only want her to pay me twenty pounds ſhe owes me.

Ald. Ar. My niece Emmeline owe you twenty pounds!---how do you make out that?

Jack Ar I'll tell you: two years ago I aſk'd her to lend me fifty pounds, ſhe had only thirty in her pocket, which ſhe generouſly gave me---now you know ſhe owes me the odd twenty---fair, very fair, isn't it?

Ald. Ar. Nonſenſe!---ſhe is under the care of my beſt friend here, who don't chuſe ſhe ſhould be diſturb'd in her ſecluſion: he does every thing that is right with regard to that unhappy girl.

Project. I thank you for your approbation---but come; let's to Cecilia.

Ald. Ar. Ay, come by boy; odſheart! ſtrike her with your talents at once, and if ſhe aſks about a marriage ſettlement, put your hand to your head; hit

hit it hard; it won't hurt it, Jack—ſay, "here it is," here's the place, like the Alderman's granary—ſo full——

Jack Ar. Full, father!

Ald. Ar. Faith! I forgot—it's empty. However, don't deſpair, for three ſuch lads as we are will make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in* Mr. Project's *Houſe.*

Enter PROJECT, *and* CECILIA.

Cecilia. I tell you, it's all ſettled—I've ſeen young Arable: he propos'd marriage, and I gave him as warm a reception as you could wiſh. But, Lady Katharine Project, ſir; ſhe tires me with her inſinuations—ſhe ſays, I come here to ſeduce her huſband's affections, when you know, Mr. Project, he's the laſt man on the earth I ſhould fix on for a gallant.

Project. Mr. Project's very much oblig'd to you: but the truth is this, Cecilia—ſhe knows I ſee her partiality for ſir Frederick: this makes her all obedience—but if ſhe could once recriminate; only prove I have my gallantries (and I have had them beyond a doubt) why then ſnap goes the rod I hold over her, and all the money I ſpent in patching up her reputation——

Cecilia. Money, in patching up reputation!—how do you mean, coz?

Project. Mean! that when certain people loſe their character, they ſpend half their fortune in attempting to retrieve it—keep open houſe, give public entertainments—ſuppers, balls, concerts, galas—then every body comes; for if Belzebub himſelf gave a dinner, there are people who would go to it!—every body comes, I ſay—eat, drink, dance, and retire; and while the hoſt and hoſteſs fancy they are ſounding their praiſes, egad! they're only cutting up their reputation, and laughing at them more and more for their folly.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Are they? then I wiſh lady Project would recriminate, for I'm very fond of balls, concerts, and galas; and if you're expos'd you muſt give them to patch up your own reputation, you know —ſo adieu!——oh, I forgot, though—lend me the key of the Pagoda, will you?

Project. The Pagoda!

Cecilia. Ay, there's an eclipſe to night, and it will be a charming place to ſee it from—come give it me—fooliſh man!—I dare ſay, now, you're thinking this may lead to ſome plot about Emmeline; but you forget there are other doors and other keys, Mr. Cerberus, and as I've given the Bridegroom ſuch a warm reception——

Project. Well—your kindneſs to young Arable deſerves a reward, and as I've no reaſon to ſuppoſe you mean to make a bad uſe of the key, take it—heh!—here's the gentleman himſelf! and I declare looking as melancholy as if the honey moon was over—nay—don't leave us.

Cecilia. If I don't, I ſhall be too late for the eclipſe—ſo good evening—ſpouſe will deſcribe our interview to you—he'll tell you what pretty things I ſaid of him and his father: upon my word they're a charming pair, and though a nameſake of mine had long ſince won my affections; yet, when I ſaw young Arable—Oh! who can reſiſt a man of his education. [*Exit.*

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Project. Joy! I give you joy, ſir,—ſhe has conſented!—you'll be brother-in-law to a Nabob, and I, bringing about the match, ſhall touch a thouſand pounds from the Alderman. Come, ſit down, my boy, and tell me all about it—(*they ſit.*)—who had the firſt word? you or Cecilia?

Jack Ar. I had the firſt: ſhe the laſt.

Project. Ah! that's one of the ſex's privileges; but how did ſhe conclude? with recommending you to go to a parſon, and finiſh the marriage?

Jack Ar. No: ſhe concluded with recommending me to go to ſchool again and finiſh my education!—Mr. Project, you'll hardly believe it, but ſhe call'd me Maſter Jacky: laugh'd at my learning; ridicul'd my manners; and when I reminded her that I had been made a ſcholar, and a gentleman, ſhe ſaid I might as well ſay one of my father's cows had been made to tranſlate Greek, or dance the minuet de la Cour.

Project. Why this is a warm reception indeed! well: what was your anſwer?

Jack Ar. Says I, ma'am!—ma'am! I'm a Bachelor of Arts, and a Student at Law; I can ſolve a Problem, draw a Demurrer, and read a Latin Ovid,

Project. A Latin Ovid!—what not a tranſlation?

Jack Ar. No: a real Latin Ovid, ſays I, ma'am! that was fair, was'nt it? had her there—famous, heh?

Project. Was ever time and money ſo waſted on a blockhead's education? (*aſide*)—you ſhould have told her you were ſhortly to be call'd to the bar; that you were now at a Special Pleader's: if I miſtake not, ſhe is a great admirer of the profeſſion.

Jack Ar. No, no: ſhe's not ſo bad as that either; for when by way of a joke, I ſaid that Weſtminſter Hall would be a knowing place to give a maſquerade in—"a maſquerade!" ſays ſhe—"there's one there every day in Term time!—famous, heh? had me there: but there's father juſt awoke from his after dinner nap—'gad! he ſhall have his ſhare——

Enter

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Jack Ar. Father, I'm come from my intended wife: ſhe ſpeaks ſo highly of you.

Ald. Ar. Does ſhe? that makes out my dream then: I dreamt ſhe gave you her hand, becauſe ſhe ſaid your father underſtood farming better than any man in England. Oh! the dear creature!--- how was it?

Jack Ar. She ſaid, that while you were planting ſhrubberies, building outhouſes, and painting the pig-ſtye, your bailiff was cheating you of the ſmall crops your neglected fields produced; that in a month you would ſpend more money in fattening a ſingle wether, than would ſupply the Court of Aldermen with turtle and veniſon for a year; that your garden is as expenſive as your farm, for that every Monday morning, when your coach is cram'd with hampers of garden ſtuff, there isn't a turnip top within them but coſts more than all the pine apples in Covent Garden market---that was fair, wasn't it?---very fair.

Ald. Ar. I'll hear no more---it's a libel, and if ſhe wasn't a ſiſter to a Nabob——a wether coſt me more than veniſon; and turnip tops more than pine apples! I'll be reveng'd.

Jack Ar. So will I- -but how father?

Ald. Ar. How! by making her your wife, whether ſhe will or no---I'm determin'd to have a pow'r over her; and Mr. Project I will give you all my crops in and out of the ground---all my live and dead ſtock---ay, an additional thouſand pounds only to make me father to this Jezabel, and then---leave me to manage her education.

Project. If ſhe won't conſent, Alderman, what can I do?

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. What! a college for that; we claſſics know a trick or two, and give me an opportunity, and five to four but I make her Mrs. Jack Arable before to-morrow morning. Zounds! I'll carry her off, then touch the Spaniſh, and away to Epſom and cricket---(*aſide*)---come, what ſay you to the two thouſand pounds.

Project. That it's a nice Speculation, and as there can be no harm in getting a girl a good huſband, I will give you an opportunity: hark ye, ſhe is, now in my garden, in the pagoda; come with me, directly and———but hold, hold, where will you carry her to?

Jack Ar. To Aldgate farm to be ſure, where we've a parſon waiting, and where we'll convince her, that we can make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world: come---

Ald. Ar. Ay, away with you; and when ſhe's my daughter, inſtead of being faſhionable and impertinent, ſhe ſhall be humble and induſtrious: ſhe ſhall give up the harpſicord for the ſpinning wheel; faro and archery for the hen-houſe and the dairy; and, inſtead of parading *a la militaire* on a high bred hunter, ſhe ſhall carry eggs to market on broken-knee'd Dobbin, and be a pattern for all the farmer's wives and daughters in the land! away my boys!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.------*Another Apartment in* Project's *Country Houſe---A Door in Flat.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cecil. So, I've, tric'd him out of the key, and now for my dear Emmeline (*Opens the door in flat*

Enter

Enter EMMELINE.

Emme. Oh my friend! you come moſt opportunely---at the very moment when moſt I needed conſolation and ſupport. Look there (*giving a letter*) 'tis my guardian's anſwer to the letter we plan'd together.

Cecilia reads:

"You are kept here to recruit your health---
"your fortune ſhall be paid you on the day of
"your marriage---in the mean time don't trouble
"me any more with unreaſonable requeſts, leſt
"I ſhould imagine you have relaps'd---you un-
"derſtand———"

This is beyond all bearing---I cannot endure ſuch---

Emme. How then can I? Oh, Cecilia! when diſſipation and ruin deprives the thoughtleſs profligate of his ſenſes, there is little cauſe for lamenting a diſorder that bereaves him of all memory of his vices; but when a poor ſufferer like myſelf, whoſe only error has been virtuous love, who has done no wrong but that of cheriſhing an honeſt paſſion, and that paſſion for a time deprived her of her reaſon, what is to be her fate? is ſhe to be pitied, or thus for ever puniſhed?

Cecil. Don't be unhappy, Emmeline; I feel for you---pity you ſincerely.

Emme. I need it, for if I were, as they inſinuate, I ſhould not have the ſenſe to feel my ſorrows ſo acutely. My heart has long been breaking, and but for your humanity, the ſtruggle had been paſt---would it were! and yet Cecilia---

Cecil. What, my friend?

Emme.

Emme. If I could ſee and bleſs the lovely cauſe of all———

Cecil. Be comforted, you ſhall ſee him; come, cheer up, for ſunſhine breaks in upon you, Emmeline; look, this key will ſecure your eſcape---ay, 'tis the pagoda key, your guardian gave it me, and in my lodgings in London, you may be ſafely concealed, till Edward comes to puniſh him and to reward your ſufferings.

Emme. Is there a hope then for our meeting? Oh! joy will now diſtract me, but think what difficulties---

Cecil. None but what we can ſurmount: the ſervant who brings a chaiſe near the garden, will unlock the gate outſide; I'll go give him orders directly, and that no time may be loſt, do you retire inſtantly into the pagoda (*gives* Emmeline *the key*,) wait till I come, or you hear the gate unbarred---nay, no more melancholy looks; henceforth you muſt ſmile and be cheerful, and ſome years hence, you, I, and Edward will ſit over a winter fire, and laugh at our cunning, in outwitting that firſt of ſchemers my couſin Project.

Emme. Kind generous girl? I will do all that you deſire---till we meet, farewell! how I tremble for the event, yet why? if I'am brought back, they cannot perſecute me more, and if I 'ſcape their ſnares, the ſight of Edward———Oh! the thought revives me! and ſince my guardian is ſo bold in guilt, wherefore ſhould innocence be fearful? no, I've a virtuous cauſe, and I will nobly fall or triumph in the conflict! [*Exeunt ſeparately.*

SCENE

SCENE III.---PROJECT's *Garden: a Pagoda at the Wing---moon-light.*

Enter PROJECT *and* JACK ARABLE.

Jack. Ar. So was ſhe caught in her own ſnare, heh? Well, this is the place with the foreign name, the pagoda as you call it, pray what put it into your head to build ſuch on out-of-the-way thing?

Project. Speculation, ſir, ſpeculation: the houſe ſtood on my hands, ſo by running up a pair of wings after the eaſtern faſhion, I thought to catch ſome thoughtleſs Nabob, but it wou'dn't do, they were obſtinate; however, my rich couſin is coming home---

Jack Ar. And he pays for their obſtinacy---fair, that's very fair; but about this Miſs Cecilia---ſhe is coming here to ſee an eclipſe you ſay.

Project. Yes, ſhe has herſelf given you a fair opportunity, and if you don't carry her to your father's where a parſon and a licence is ready---ſtop, I think I ſaw a light, perhaps ſhe's there already (*looks through the key-hole*) ſhe is! I ſee her petticoat.

Jack Ar. Do you? that's famous---an eclipſe, heh? gad! ſhe ſhall ſee a conſtellation. Go, ſquire go, tell the alderman to look out for me and my wife---

Project. No, I muſt go and look out for my own wife, for if ſhe finds me and Cecilia out of the houſe at this time of night, ſhe'll talk of recrimination for ever; ſo ſucceſs to you, and remember, ſhe's an angel, my young lawyer.

Jack Ar. Why, as I'am a lawyer I'd better forget it, for we and angels don't exactly ſuit each other. You manage your wife, I'll take care of mine. (PRO-

JECT *exit.*) now for it---now to coax her into the garden---(*opens the door of the pagoda*)---Ma'am! hadn't you better come out, ma'am? don't be frightened, there's nobody here but me---ſhe's coming by all that's tender, claſſical, and famous!

Enter EMMELINE *from the Pagoda.*

Emme. This is my friend's ſervant, I ſuppoſe, with the carriage---where can ſhe be herſelf? ſhe promiſed to follow me inſtantly; however, I'll aſk him---Heavens! what do I ſee? my couſin Arable! then I'am deceived, and am undone for ever.

Jack Ar. (*not knowing her.*) Yes, it's maſter Jacky! he's not gone to ſchool you ſee; however, I'll firſt ſecure the gate, that nobody may come from the houſe and diſturb us---(*he bars the gate of the pagoda.*)--come Miſs Cecilia, come to Aldgate-farm, and teach the cows to tranſlate Greek and dance minuets. What, ſulkey, heh? let's look in your face ---how! why, it is not you, is it? no, egad! 'tis couſin Emmeline.

Emme. Yet, that Emmeline who was once your friend and favourite, who being deſerted by her family, and perſecuted by her guardian, meant to eſcape from confinement, but is diſappointed; you have diſcovered my intentions, ſir, and I confeſs myſelf completely in your power.

Jack Ar. What! it's a trick, is it?---You ſtole out inſtead of the other---come, that's fair, very fair. Well! and how d'you do, coz? do you know I've finiſhed my education ſince I ſaw you---I have famouſly, but you'ave been very ill, Emmeline? however, we won't talk about that, you're recover'd, and I'm glad on't with all my heart! yet, you uſed me moſt kindly, coz.

Emme.

Emme. It ſeems I have uſed every body ſo, elſe I think I ſhould not have been ſo hardly treated. I have been amply puniſhed, ſir.

Jack Ar. You have, you have, Emmeline; but you ſhould have kept your promiſe about the Spaniſh—I always kept my word with you, and once you know when we were boys and girls and you and my brother Edward quarrelled about your little tame fawn, did not you cry and aſk me to make it up between you! and didn't I bid him kiſs the fawn and kiſs you, and ever after waſn't he ſo fond of you——

Emme. Let me beſeech you, ſir, name not your brother: lead not my mind to thoughts, that, whilſt they charm, diſtract me. I'm ſorry I forgot my promiſe, but you ſhould remember, I alſo forgot myſelf;—remind me, and perhaps——

Jack Ar. I've a great mind——I will!—why the fact is, Emmeline, you offer'd to lend me fifty pounds, and you only gave me thirty: now you know you owe me the odd twenty.—I'm the laſt perſon on earth to dun people for money, but really when it has been owing ſo long; upon my ſoul I beg your pardon, but the Alderman cuts ſo cloſe: he has educated me ſo like a gentleman, and keeps me ſo like a beggar, that here I am with a head full of the notions of life and diſſipation, and a pocket as empty as Oxford in the vacation.

Emme. I regret that my guardian has not left me the means of fulfilling my promiſe, but when I ſee my friend Cecilia, I've no doubt but ſhe'll procure what you deſire.—And now, ſir, let me know my fate: am I to go back to my priſon?

Jack. Ar. Go to priſon! what! when we've Spaniſh to keep us out of it? no, that's not fair.—We'll go to London, to Epſom to the grand-match; or if, as is moſt likely, you prefer Miſs Ceci-

lia's company to mine, I'll call her to take care of you; for if I leave you till you're ſafe out of your guardian's clutches, may I loſe the long odds, and be flogg'd round the race-courſe like a blacklegs.

Emme. Now, indeed, you are the brother of my Edward:—then call Cecilia: I dare ſay by this time ſhe is arriv'd in the pagoda; and yonder is a carriage waiting to conduct us to London: there I ſhall remain till your brother arrives, and then make an appeal to the laws of my country.

Jack Ar. Never, never go to law; leave the whole buſineſs to arbitration, for if you don't at firſt, the lawyers, after emptying your pockets, will only do it at laſt.—However, I'll unbar the gate, (*goes to pagoda.*) gad! this is famous!—how Project and the Alderman will be bother'd?—Zounds! what do I ſee?—your guardian!—(*runs to* EMMELINE.) don't, don't agitate yourſelf: pull down your veil and I'll——

EMMELINE *pulls down her veil and* PROJECT *enters.*

Project. As I thought.--My wife ſuſpects an aſſignation between me and Cecilia, and is now coming to detect me. Mr. Arable: a word if you pleaſe. (JACK *leaves*, EMMELINE, *and comes to* PROJECT.) If you don't get her off,—and, I ſee how it is?—you can't perſuade her——

Jack Ar. Can't I? um? ecce ſignum, as we great ſcholars ſay. (*goes to* EMMELINE) Come, Miſs, will you go with Maſter Jacky, and be made daughter-in-law to an Alderman? (EMMELINE *gives him her hand and nods aſſent.*) there! haven't I a rare granary? Why, I'll back my head at a ſcheme againſt your's, Little Project.

Project. No, you muſtn't do that; for this lucky ſcheme was all my planning, you know.

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. So it was; and you ſhall have the full credit of it, my boy!—The chaiſe will take us to the neareſt inn, and I'll return for Cecilia. (*aſide to* EMMELINE.) Bid her good by; give her your ſanction. (PROJECT *bows and kiſſes his hand.*) There; now you do as he orders you.—You ſee, ſquire, you see,—this is both famous and fair, isn't it?

[*Exit, handing off* EMMELINE.

Project. It is! it is! (*looks out.*) He hands her into the carriage! the poſtillion ſhuts the door!—mounts his horſes!—away they go!—Huzza! Huzza!

Enter Alderman ARABLE, *running againſt him.*

Ald. Ar. Huzza! huzza he has her! he has her!—Joy! I give you joy, my friend.

Project. This is reaping the harveſt, farmer.

Ald. Ar. Ay; we're in clover now!—But Project, I met that good and ſweet woman your wife, in ſuch a jealous rage——

Project. That's a better joke than t'other.---She thinks to detect me in aſſignation with Cecilia; but the bird is flown, you ſee.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project; where have you conceal'd Cecilia?—Mr. Arable, he brings this young lady to my houſe,---entertains her in the moſt expenſive ſtyle,---gives her the moſt extravagant ſuppers, and having decoy'd her into an aſſignation, he now comes here to carry her off.

Ald. Ar. That's impoſſible, your ladyſhip, becauſe Jack has carried her off already.---She is by this time as ſafe at Aldgate farm, as Emmeline is in your houſe, and I dare ſay they and the parſon

are

are ſetting down to a haunch of my Novia Scotia mutton.---Do you know, my lady, I always kill my own mutton and milk my own cows?

Lady Pro. At Aldgate farm indeed!---more like? ſhe's in that Pagoda.---Ar'n't I right, my life.

Project. You are, my ſoul.---Hark'ye,---did Sir Frederic teach you this?

Lady Pro. There now! I'm always to be choak'd at the moment of recrimination! I believe Cecilia's innocent, but to know my huſband's falſhood, and never be able to prove it.---I can't bear his triumph---I (*taking out her handkerchief*) am the moſt unhappy, ill-treated wife. (*Crying*

CECILIA *taps at the door with inſide the Pagoda.*

Ald. Ar. What the devil's that?

Project. What, indeed!---huſh!

Cecilia. (*within*) Why don't you open the door? 'tis I! 'tis Cecilia!

Lady Pro. Oh! it is, is it?---then come out and---(*Opens the door of the pagoda, and leads out* CECILIA.) I ſay Mr. Alderman, they're ſetting down to a haunch of Novia Scotia mutton, are they?

Ald. Ar. Project, this is reaping the harveſt indeed.

Project. Ay: we're in clover now with a vengeance. Cecilia, what does this mean?

Cecil. Why as all concealment will now be uſeleſs, I may venture to inform you that by ſome accident Emmeline has eſcap'd, I find; and I came here in ſearch of her, and not to meet your huſband ma'am, upon my honour.

Project. Emmeline eſcap'd!—that was her then that the well-educated blockhead handing off, ſaying, you

" you ſee! this is both famous and fair!" 'Sdeath! I've out-ſchem'd myſelf.—I'll purſue her inſtantly. Alderman, will you go with me?

Ald. Ar. Ay; that I will; my ſon, Captain Edward, is arriv'd, and if he and Emmeline ſhould meet,—I tell you what,—as Jack has made two fools of us, I'll perſuade the Eaſt Indian to let Edward marry his ſiſter, Cecilia. Come along. Odſheart! I won't wait to order my carriage or have garden ſtuff—*(Cecilia laughs.)* now there again! I only wiſh I had you at the farm.—I'd———

Project. Come; I know what your going to ſay.

Ald. Ar. Do you? then you know more than I do myſelf; for plague on the girls, they'll drive me out of my ſenſes! [*Exit with* PROJECT.

Lady Pro. My dear Cecilia, I never doubted your innocence.—Come; let's go and prepare for London. I long to ſee your brother the young Nabob. I dare ſay, he'll bring over the moſt charming preſents.

Cecil. Very likely: but my mind is all on Emmeline. Poor Girl! May ſhe eſcape the perſecution of her enemies, and be rewarded as her virtue and her ſufferings deſerve! *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

An elegant Apartment at PROJECT'S *Houſe, in London.*

Enter PROJECT, *and* SIR FREDERICK.

Project. Not find her! Emmeline not to be found! tell me, ſir Frederick, have you been at young Arable's chambers?

Sir Fred. I have—and he is out of town, at Epſom: poſitively, I can hear nothing of Emmeline---but what then? fretting won't find her; and if it did, I dare ſay you'd find ſomething elſe to fret you---I'm her lover, and you ſee I'm not uneaſy.

Project. No: you havn't the reaſon I have---ſhe may fall into the hands of ſome enemy, who may ſay, I have entangled her fortune; confin'd her after her health was reſtor'd; and at laſt convince her uncle, the alderman, that I have wrong'd her---then her friend, captain Arable, is in town, you ſay.

Sir Fred. Yes, he arriv'd laſt night from Gibraltar---receiving a letter that inform'd him of Emmeline's recovery; he quitted the regiment at the riſk of offending his father---leave me to manage him: let me ſee---(*looking at his watch.*) I am now going to meet him.

Project. Are you? then tell him of her eſcape; the neceſſity of reſtoring her to my power---hint at a relapſe, and perſuade him to join in ſearching for her: I would go with you; but I'm waiting here to receive my couſin Tanjore.

Flouriſh

Flouriſh of clarinets without.

Project. That's him! that's the young Nabob---I order'd the band to ſtrike up as he paſs'd through the hall; and as he's been accuſtom'd to be ſurrounded with ſlaves. I've hir'd thoſe blacks and other attendants to give him a ſort of pompous entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the Eaſt Indian: I wonder whether Mr. Tanjore's as eaſy and familiar as ever: I remember when he had neither caſh nor credit, he uſed to call the greateſt men by their Chriſtian names; and though he hadn't a coat to his own back, he was always remarking on the dreſs of other people.

Project. Ah! he was no Nabob then: now I fear he's as haughty and reſerv'd as he was before free and familiar: good day, ſir Frederick: I ſhall rely on your making captain Arable my friend. (*Sir Frederick exit.*) now for it: now for my beſt ſcheme! to be ſure, my tricking him and turning my back on him before he went to Madras, was rather unlucky; but his coming to my houſe, proves he don't think the worſe of me—no, no: I have him: and when I've fairly ſtrip'd him; I'll ſend him to India again, there to make another fortune, for the benefit of me and my Speculations!

Another Flouriſh.---Enters Blacks with Muſic, ſervants in ſuperb liveries preceding Tanjore *and* Cecilia,---*other attendants following.*

Tan. Billy, your hand---where's Betſy? well: here we are you ſee: hot from Madras: warm as Lucifer---rich as Croeſus, my boy!

Project. 'Tis as I thought! (*aſide*) I hope you found my carriages and horſes all ready: I ſhould have been miſerable if you hadn't condeſcended to make uſe of them.

Tan. Should you? then be happy, coz; for I'll make uſe of them for ever: the carriages and horſes are mine, Billy.

Project. They are, you do me great honour in accepting them!---he has forgot our old quarrel---and I ſhall finger every farthing!---(*aſide.*) Well: but about India, couſin---you made your fortune very rapidly.

Tan. Yes: the princeſs Nundomoree took a fancy to my perſon and dreſs---introduc'd me to the Nabob of Begumboree: he to the Rajah of Seringapatoree; and ſo amongſt them you ſee—— but, Billy, what makes you ſo civil? before I ſail'd, you wouldn't pay the fare of a hackney coach for me, and now you give me all your carriages and horſes: well, well: I take it very kind of you; and ſo hark'ye---a few weſterly winds will bring round the homeward bound fleet, and then hire all the ſtrongeſt waggons you can get: bullion! pearls! diamonds!---oh, damme, coz, this houſe ſhall never hold them.

Project. I hope this houſe will hold them though: oh! for a weſterly wind!---in return, my dear friend, the wife I deſign for you has five thouſand a year---to be ſure it's very little; but---

Tan. A little's better than nothing, you know; and if I like her perſon and manners, why, five thouſand a year will be very pretty pin money: but what's here, Billy?---(*looking at his coat,*) is this a dreſs for a couſin of a Nabob?

Project. What! at the old work?---pſha! what ſignifies dreſs?

Tan.

Flouriſh of clarinets without.

Project. That's him! that's the young Nabob---I order'd the band to ſtrike up as he paſs'd through the hall; and as he's been accuſtom'd to be ſurrounded with ſlaves. I've hir'd thoſe blacks and other attendants to give him a ſort of pompous entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the Eaſt Indian: I wonder whether Mr. Tanjore's as eaſy and familiar as ever: I remember when he had neither caſh nor credit, he uſed to call the greateſt men by their Chriſtian names; and though he hadn't a coat to his own back, he was always remarking on the dreſs of other people.

Project. Ah! he was no Nabob then: now I fear he's as haughty and reſerv'd as he was before free and familiar: good day, ſir Frederick: I ſhall rely on your making captain Arable my friend. (*Sir Frederick exit.*) now for it: now for my beſt ſcheme! to be ſure, my tricking him and turning my back on him before he went to Madras, was rather unlucky; but his coming to my houſe, proves he don't think the worſe of me—no, no: I have him: and when I've fairly ſtrip'd him; I'll ſend him to India again, there to make another fortune, for the benefit of me and my Speculations!

Another Flouriſh.---Enters Blacks with Muſic, ſervants in ſuperb liveries preceding Tanjore *and* Cecilia,---*other attendants following.*

Tan. Billy, your hand---where's Betſy? well: here we are you ſee: hot from Madras: warm as Lucifer---rich as Croeſus, my boy!

what money you require; ſo—here's Speculation!—Oh! for a weſterly wind!

[*Exit. The ſervants follow him.*

Cecilia. My dear brother let me once more congratulate you: why, who'd have thought of your coming home ſo rich?

Tan. Ah! who indeed?—you didn't expect it: did you Cecily?

Cecilia. No; I expected you'd return as you went. I thought you'd come and ſay, "here's a Nabob without a ſhilling, Cecily!"

Tan. Did you? then you thought exactly right, for "here's a Nabob without a ſhilling, Cecily!"

Cecilia. Nonſenſe!—Mr. Project ſays, you have brought over money enough to buy him new houſes: new———

Tan. Not enough to buy him a new coat.

Cecilia. Nay, now you're joking: I know you muſt be rich, by the ſtyle you kept up in India: you liv'd in a palace, my dear brother.

Tan. I liv'd in a jail, my dear ſiſter.

Cecilia. Come, come; havn't I heard that your furniture was emboſs'd with gold? that your dinners were more expenſive than the governor's.

Tan. My furniture was the bare walls, and my dinner bread and water; the fact is, a man may ſtarve in India, as well as in England; and, inſtead of finding gold like dirt, or diamonds like pebbles, I found a ſort of gentlemen that muſt be attended to in all countries: I mean a bailiff! 'tis true, they didn't viſit me on my arrival; but, in the courſe of a twelvemonth, they whip'd me into one of their hoſpitable manſions, and there I ſhould have been at this moment, had not the captain of the Packet aſſiſted me in my eſcape, and landed me generouſly in old England! I ſay generouſly, for curſe me, if I am Nabob enough to pay for my paſſage.

Cecilia,

Cecilia. Amazing! if Mr. Project knew this, he wouldn't be ſo friendly—

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had ſchem'd me out of all the money I had left; they ſhut the doors againſt me, while Sir Charles Stanley---I ſhall never forget his liberality! befriended me, and ſent me to India: I gueſs how the miſtake has happened—there is a man of my name, at Madras: an old lover of yours.

Cecilia. Mr. Henry Tanjore—my friend as well as lover.

Tan. Well: he's now as rich as I'm poor; is coming home in the next ſhips; and ſcheming Billy, with his uſual perſpicuity, takes me for him, and determines to make the moſt of me; and he ſhall make the moſt of me: there's no favour he can offer, but I'll have the condeſcenſion to accept: and to begin, I'll marry this five thouſand pound lady.

Cecilia. Don't—don't think of her: there are a thouſand reaſons againſt it.

Tan. Ay; but there are five thouſand for it: no more bare walls, and bread and water.

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! then I muſt conceal from him where ſhe is? [*aſide.*

Tan. See! our hoſteſs, lady Stingy! To poor Tanjore ſhe has often refuſed a dinner, but to the rich Nabob, I ſuppoſe---mum! mark how I'll—

Enter Lady PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Joy! joy on your ſucceſs, my ever dear couſin.

Tan. Thanks, thanks, my ever dear Kitty.

Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever I ſee——Well coz! ar'n't you glad to ſet foot in Old England again? once more to ſee London and the faſhions?

Tan.

Tan. Why, as to the faſhions, coz, they fly ſo faſt one can't be quick enough to catch them—nothing laſts above a day. Before I went to India the whole town was running after the Goddeſs of Health; ſhe died, I'm told, and the learned Pig came to life; he went the grand tour, and the balloon came into power; that bubble burſt, and boxing bore down all before it: then came the varieties of dreſs, ſuch as ſhort ſkirts, ſhort hair, ſhort ſticks, and ſhort great coats! in ſhort, if the world didn't turn round of its own accord, people of faſhion would make it, for the moon, whoſe votaries they are, iſn't half ſo fickle or ſo changeable!

Lady Pro. Very true; then don't you obſerve the alterations in buildings? my huſband and other ſpeculatiſts, have built ſo many new ſtreets, and London is ſo abſolutely gone into the country, that a citizen coming to a rout at Marybone, muſt be at the expence of changing horſes, and paying turnpikes!——but, I underſtand, you want ſome little refreſhment.

Tan. Little refreſhment! now mind Cecily.—Yes, any thing will do, ſome turtle and veniſon, a great deal of game, a quantity of pine apples, and plenty of burgundy and champagne. Then about my bed; at the Rajah of Seringapatoree's I always ſlept under a canopy empanelled with looking-glaſs, and covered with gold and ſilver tiſſue---didn't I, Cecily? you'll get ſuch a bed Kitty. So now for dinner.

Lady Pro. Turtle, veniſon, canopies, and gold and ſilver tiſſue! Mr. Tanjore, you don't intend to live here in the ſame ſtyle you did in India.

Tan. No, that I don't. I hope neither my furniture nor my dinners will be the ſame, heh, Cecily? then my wedding-day, coz; I ſhall celebrate my nuptials

Cecilia. Amazing! if Mr. Project knew this, he wouldn't be ſo friendly—

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had ſchem'd me out of all the money I had left; they ſhut the doors againſt me, while Sir Charles Stanley---I ſhall never forget his liberality! befriended me, and ſent me to India: I gueſs how the miſtake has happened—there is a man of my name, at Madras: an old lover of yours.

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Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever I ſee——Well coz! ar'n't you glad to ſet foot in Old England again? once more to ſee London and the faſhions?

Tan.

tell me that her malady has returned, that ſhe has eſcaped from her guardian, and is not to be found?

Sir Fred. I do, but I hope you don't blame me or Project.

Capt. Ar. No, far from it; I believe he has been more a parent than a guardian to her, and you have ſunk the name of rival in that of friend—but my brother to aid in her eſcape, and now not to be heard of! What is to be done? I dare not meet my father, and if I leave England till I ſee Emmeline reſtored to her aſylum I ſhall well merit the anguiſh that awaits me.

Sir Fred. Pſha! you're talking about anguiſh too—now nothing gives me pain, and why? becauſe I'm ſo cool and placid, that not even death—death! no, that pain muſt be over, for hang me, if I think I've been alive theſe laſt ten years—but, where are we to find her, Captain?

Capt. Ar. Ah! where indeed? poor Emmeline! without friends, without aſſiſtance, and with the loſs of that fine ſenſe which now might beſt ſupport thee, where? where art thou wandering? let us be gone—let us ſearch every where—

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. My couſin to ſay he has a wife for me, and then not tell me her name or reſidence! however, I've found out ſhe's at Cecily's lodgings, and ſo while dinner's getting ready---

Sir Fred. Mr. Tanjore I am happy to ſee you---what! don't you know me? have you forgot Sir Frederick Faintly, a member of Bubble's club?

Tan. Sir Frederick! my old acquaintance! how d'ye

nuptials at your houſe, and we'll have ſuch a ball and ſupper! between ourſelves, it ſhan't be overcrouded though; I'll only aſk about three hundred people.

Lady Pro. Three hundred people! Sir, I muſt tell you, no fortune can ſupport this extravagance, and if you give us every farthing you've brought over—

Tan. Why, I ſhall, every farthing is your's upon my honour; and by way of ſpecimen to-morrow I'll ſend you a large cheſt of ſhawls, pearls, china, chintzes—

Lady Pro. Will you? Can you be ſo obliging? Oh! I doat on pearls and ſhawls, and then for china and chintzes—my dear, dear couſin, come to dinner, and order whatever you like.

Tan. (*aſide to* CECILIA.) There now! and I haven't brought over a rag or an empty trunk; however Kitty ſhall have the preſents. There are Indian goods in England, and I'll buy them with Billy's own money. Come, ſiſter! come, hoſteſs! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Lincolns Inn.*

Enter Captain ARABLE, *and Sir* FREDERICK.

Sir Fred. Nay, but reflect Captain Arable, reflect.

Capt. Ar. I do reflect, and there's my cauſe for grief. Have I not quitted my regiment and offended my father? is he not now in ſearch of me, to ſend me abroad again? and when I expected to meet Emmeline in happineſs and health, do you not tell

ceſſes came to priſon to ſee me——Priſon did I ſay? Oh, ay, that was when I fought againſt Tippoo, had ſix horſes ſhot under me, and was at laſt taken priſoner by——

Capt. Ar. Pray, ſir, what is this lady's name?

Tan. Emmeline is her chriſtian name, as to ſir-names, I never knew but two in my life. Sir Charles Stanmore, and your humble ſervant Tom Tanjore, two as fine fellows as ever handled rupees and pagodas. Fare-you-well. I ſhall marry this Emmeline to-morrow.

Capt. Ar. You marry Emmeline, ſiir?

Tan. Yes, I Ned! and what's more, I invite you to our wedding-dinner, and you alſo, Fred. and all your friends, and your friend's friends!—— Lady Project deſired me to aſk the whole town, and I'll take care the nuptials ſhall be celebrated in the true eaſtern ſtyle of magnificence; here's my card, and if you wiſh to be aſked again, come well dreſs'd; nothing like a good coat, and ſo farewell, Fred. and Ned! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. It muſt be her; let's follow him directly.

Sir Fred. Stay, ſuppoſe you ſhould meet the Alderman there, and I know he has buſineſs with this Mr. Tanjore.

Capt. Ar. Why then, and not till then, let's think what's to be done? come, loſe not a moment—— in his ſiſter's lodgings, and he about to marry her! 'tis dark, myſterious! mark me, Sir Frederick. I'd traverſe half the world to thank the man that has befriended Emmeline! but if I find ſhe has been wrong'd, if there ſhould live a villain that has added to her ſorrows, I pledge my honour to avenge her cauſe—my life or his muſt anſwer the event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE—CECILIA's *Lodgings.*

Enter TANJORE *and* ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Tan. Walk in, Sir, walk in; your chriſtian name is Obadiah, you ſay, and your buſineſs is concerning a marriage between your ſon and my ſiſter---did I never ſee you before?

Ald. Ar. Only once: if you remember, ſir, it was in Mr. Project's park, when the dear Lady Project had fainted away and you caught her in your arms. I'm not cenſorious, Mr. Tanjore, but if her grandmother hadn't come up at the inſtant---

Tan. You'd have been jealous, heh? Well! but about your ſon---

Ald. Ar. Why, ſir; I wiſh your ſiſter to become the wife of my ſon, Captain Arable; the reprobate has quitted his regiment to purſue an unhappy young lady, that I'm determined he ſhall never be united to. Now, ſir, by the recommendation of that worthy man, Mr. Project—

Tanjore. Pray Obadiah, where did you get that curious waiſtcoat?—poſitively, it's only fit for an alderman.

Ald. Ar. Then it's fit for me, Mr. Tanjore; for I am an alderman.---Ay, and a farmer too, and if I could find my ſon, and Cecilia would conſent, we'd whiſk down to Aldgate farm to night: tack them together to-morrow, and in the courſe of a month, you can get them out to India, and there you know they're ſnug and comfortable for life. To a man of your intereſt, I ſuppoſe eight thouſand a year will be———

Tanjore. Nothing---a mere trifle.

Ald. Ar. So I thought.---Oh! when the captain

gets to Madras, I only wiſh he may be provided for as you were Mr. Tanjore.

Tanjore. Provided for as I was! that's what I wiſh myſelf: for curſe me if I know or care about you or the captain. (*half aſide.*) Yonder's Emmeline I fancy.—I muſt get rid of this ruſtic.---Good bye Obadiah; go look for the captain, and if you find him, bring him to my wedding dinner. Lady Project keeps open houſe while I ſtay; ſo bring all your city and rural friends---carters and common-councilmen———

Ald. Ar. Sir, you delight me, and Aldgate farm and all its produce is at your ſervice. Are you fond of Novia Scotia mutton, ſir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Captain Arable below.

Ald. Ar. Oh! there is, is there? now then I'll go and detain him till we meet at the charming Lady Project's. Show me to him, ſirrah. Once more I thank you, Mr. Tanjore, and if you think eight thouſand a year too much, you may reduce it to half; that is, to the exact profits I clear, or mean to clear, by Aldgate farm! [*Exit.*

Tanjore. Good day, Obadiah. Now this it is to be a Nabob! I'm as much ſought after here as in India, and exactly from the ſame motive—friends want money here, and the bailiffs there. Here ſhe is! An angel, by the Ganges! I'll marry her before I leave the houſe.---Soft; what letter is ſhe reading? —no doubt, the one my ſiſter wrote to her.—I'll obſerve. [*ſtands back.*

Enter

Enter EMMELINE *with a letter in her hand.*

Emme. What has my eſcape avail'd me? this letter renews my ſufferings with tenfold force.——Married! to whom? [*Reads.*

"My brother Tanjore agrees to your guardian's propoſals, and determines to marry you: I muſt regret this, while I know there is one who ſo much better deſerves you."

Tanjore. (behind.) "Indeed!—He muſt be a very clever fellow, then.

Emme. (reading) "I have conceal'd from Tanjore your preſent reſidence, yet I think if he knew that you had eſcap'd from your guardian, becauſe he made a priſoner of you, and embarraſs'd your fortune"——

What then?---he is weak enough to think him honeſt.

Tanjore. (behind) No; he's not ſuch a fool as that either.

Emme. (reading.) "If he knew that Edward Arable has won your heart---that your uncle the Alderman deſerts you---that a marriage under theſe circumſtances will be death to you and miſery to him;"——

Tanjore. (behind.) Miſery indeed!——this is more like a funeral than a wedding.

Emme. (reading.) "And laſtly, if you were to inform him, that your father, Sir Charles Stanmore was the man who befriended him in the hour of misfortune, I think he is not ſo void of gratitude and humanity, but he would aſſiſt rather than diſtreſs you."

Tanjore. (coming forward.) That he would---well ſaid, ſiſter; you have done your part, now let your brother do his.—Ma'am, my name is Tanjore: your

your father got me out to India, when I hadn't a houſe to pop my head in; and though the habitation I pop'd my head into there wasn't altogether ſo comfortable, that was no fault of Sir Charles's.---He was my benefactor---I am your friend.

Emme. Is it poſſible? Will you not force me to accept your hand?

Tanjore. Accept my hand! I'll cut it off firſt. I would't marry you for all the bullion in Bengal! Not but what I could love you Emmeline: and but for Ned---ah, but for Ned! we might have been a very happy, handſome couple!

Emme. Can this be the man I was taught to expect? Can this be the haughty Eaſt Indian, whoſe riches——

Tanjore. Riches! that's your guardian's ſtory: he inſiſts upon it, I've brought home millions, and as he muſt know better than I do, it would be rude to contradict him, you know---but enough of myſelf, ---Tell me how I can ſerve you? My poverty ſhall not prevent me going inſtantly to this ſpeculatiſt and commanding him to do you juſtice. Zounds! I wiſh I had him in Calcutta: I'd march an army againſt him, as black as his own heart---cram him into the hot hole and ſmother him, if he didn't give you your fortune, and the man that deſerves you!

Emme. Sir, I inſiſt you run no hazard on my account. I have form'd a determination which I ſhall now execute: it is, to go inſtantly and make one more appeal to my uncle---to Alderman Arable——

Tanjore. What Obadiah! he was here juſt now and ſeems ſo fond of your guardian——

Emme. I know it; he has the higheſt opinion of his honour and veracity; but as the Alderman is the neareſt relation I have left, he is the moſt proper perſon

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ACT IV.

An Apartment in the Alderman's Houſe.

Enter PROJECT *and* CAPTAIN ARABLE.

Capt. Ar. Yes, ſir, I am moſt happy in the opportunity of thanking you for the care you have taken of this unfortunate girl—her eſcape proves ſhe has relaps'd.

Project. It does: for had ſhe been herſelf, ſhe would have ſcorn'd to elope from the care of her guardian—you ſay ſhe has left Cecilia's lodgings.

Capt. Ar. Not an hour ago ſhe and Cecilia went away together, but where I know not.—

Project. Well—well---I'll go ſend the young Nabob after them, and I'll likewiſe conſult with her old phyſician about the beſt mode of ſecuring her for the future---good day Captain, and remember, whoever firſt diſcovers her, gives information to the other.

Capt. Ar. Agreed.

Project. Oh! I forgot——if you ſhould ſee her firſt, don't let your wiſhes get the better of your judgment---ſhe may perhaps have a lucid interval, and talk with apparent rationality---but be on your guard---be convinc'd ſhe has relaps'd, and don't leave her till you ſee her ſafe in my cuſtody.

Capt. Ar. Reſt aſſur'd I ſhall do every thing her unhappy ſituation demands---good evening---(*exit Project*)---Oh my loſt Emmeline!---three tedious years are paſt ſince laſt I ſaw thee, and in that time we've both endur'd ſo much, that I did hope our meeting

meeting might be happy—but 'tis denied—if we ſhould meet—'tis but to divide with added grief—well, I'm prepar'd—let me reſtore the hapleſs wanderer to her friends, and then once more abroad—in the heat of war, I may forget the treaſure I have loſt; or in a glorious death, bury at once my love and miſery!— *(ſits down in great agitation.)*

Enter EMMELINE *and* VICKERY.

Vickery. The Alderman is in the next room ma'am.

Emme. Then tell him that a relation who was once dear to him requeſts an interview. *(exit Vickery.)* Is every moment to bring new affliction?—but now I heard, that he who charmed my heart, and ſtole away my ſenſes—that he was coming home to wed Cecilia—can falſhood be ſo—I'll not ſuſpect him—in this very room Edward firſt proffer'd me his love, and no tongue but Edward's ſhall make me think him faithleſs.

Capt. Ar. (*having obſerved her, riſes.*) Sure I'm not miſtaken—it is herſelf!——Emmeline!

Emme. I am diſcover'd—who can it be?—perhaps ſome agent of my Guardian's ſent to ſecure me--- *(as ſhe is going he ſtands before her.)*

Capt. Ar. What avoid me Emmeline!—have you forgot———

Emme. Edward! my long loſt only friend!---(*puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)---pardon me---my proſpects have ſo long been darken'd, that the leaſt flaſh of light quite blinds me.

Capt. Ar. You muſt not weep---I came not to encreaſe your ſorrow.

Emme. What I have ſuffer'd ſince we parted laſt---a heated brain---painful confinement---mer-

cileſs keepers---and if an interval of reaſon came, to bring your form before me, and then remember that our love was hopeleſs---Oh! but now I've found you, and we'll ne'er part again---(*Edward turns away from her.*)---why that averted look?---why thoſe tears?---ſpeak!---you are not chang'd!---I have not forfeited your love?

Capt Ar. No---it is not that, but I could wiſh---

Emme. Name it and I will fly——.

Capt. Ar. That during thoſe lucid moments, I could perſuade you to accompany me to your Guardian's---to return to an aſylum form'd to relieve, to ſuccour, and reſtore you.

Emme. What! does he conſpire againſt me?---he that hath caus'd all this?---ſir, I was told the motive for this conduct, but I diſdain'd ſuſpicion!---nay---aſk not an explanation---I ſhall not condeſcend to anſwer you.

Capt. Ar. You cut me to the ſoul---what motives can I have but thoſe of pity and humanity.

Emme. Humanity!---is it humanity to harraſs a mind already ſhatter'd and impair'd?---to encreaſe rather than remove the fever you have occaſion'd?---to combine with enemies in cloiſtering me in a ſhameful ſecluſion, while falſe and unfeeling as you are, you *humanely* give your hand to another!---Oh my poor brain!---why did your ſenſe return, only to make you feel encreaſing injuries?

Capt. Ar. To another!---hear me Emmeline---

Emme. No ſir,---'tis now too late---I ſhall go inſtantly to your father and throw myſelf under his protection---farewell, ſir!

Capt. Ar. (*holding her*). Stay---you know not what you do---by heaven you ſhall not leave me thus---think of our paſt love---

Emme.

Emme. I do ſir: I remember in the hours of happineſs and proſperity we exchang'd hearts, and you have now ſet me an example which I ſcorn to imitate---my heart is ſtill your own! I ſhall baniſh this laſt converſation from my memory, and think of Edward, only as he was---the friend of Emmeline---the foe to thoſe who wrong'd her---this will be my beſt ſolace in retirement, and cheer a mind that has not long to ſtruggle.

Capt. Ar. I cannot part with you; and to prove no other for a moment can engroſs my thoughts, I'll henceforth watch you in your malady---weep as you weep, and nurſe each ſmile that waits you---and if but one day in the year, returning reaſon ſhould adorn your mind, I will forego all other women's charms, to paſs that day with Emmeline---Oh! I have ſuffer'd in my turn, and were you always thus---

Emme. Why ſtill ſo credulous?---why now believe!———

Capt. Ar. I do not! will not! or if you are the ſufferer they deſcribe, there is a charm about your malady ſo far exceeding all their boaſted ſenſe, that it enhances, doubles my affection! *(embraces her)* in loſing you I knew what I had loſt, and I have caus'd a wound which it ſhall be the buſineſs of my life to heal.

Emme. Shall we be happy then?---I am moſt grateful---my Guardian has deceiv'd you---he has involv'd my fortune.

Capt. Ar. This I heard, and that by marriage with his Eaſt Indian couſin, the debt was to be cancel'd---but I'll know all hereafter---at preſent I am loſt in joy.

Re-enter VICKERY.

Vickery. Madam, the Alderman deſires to ſee you in the next room.

Emme. What ſhall we do?---to ſeparate ſo ſoon?———

Capt. Ar. 'Tis hard my Emmeline, but to ſecure our union, you *muſt* perſuade your Uncle to befriend you—

Emme. I know it, and he is ſo bigotted to my Guardian---but ſince you deſire it---ſhew me the way---(*to Vickery*)---adieu my generous friend! Should but the father imitate the ſon, my ſufferings will be recompenc'd at laſt---adieu! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Fool that I was to credit what they told me; but they ſhall anſwer ſorely for their guilt---here comes the fop who was to be her huſband---how the empty coxcomb kiſſes his hand to her!---I'll humble him---I'll———

Enter TANJORE.

Tanjore. (*ſpeaking as he enters.*) Succeſs ſweet Emmeline, and if Obadiah don't take pity on you, Tom Tanjore will!---if ſhe ſucceeds I'll give her ſuch a kiſs---ah Ned!---how's Fred?

Capt. Ar. Be more reſpectful I inſiſt, ſir.

Tanjore. Reſpectful!---what makes you ſo proud Neddy?---Oh! oh! I ſee---better dreſſed!---and you think that new coat and waiſtcoat makes you look like a gentleman!---heh?

Capt Ar. Anſwer me, ſir---what brings you here?

Tanjore. To ſee your ſweetheart, Ned, and if the Princeſs Nuncomoree was to know that ſhe prefer'd your tragic Scowl to my comic grin———

Capt.

Capt. Ar. Hear me, ſir—I'll tell you a ſecret—your friend Mr. Project is a villain.

Tanjore. What that's a ſecret?—why I've known it theſe ten years.

Capt. Ar. Tell him I ſay it—but 'tis of no avail—I'll anſwer for it, he is ſo void of courage, that he can't perſuade himſelf to fight any man living.

Tanjore. Now there you're wrong; for he is ſo void of character, that he can't perſuade any man living to fight him—therefore have the goodneſs to tell him he's a villain, and retrieve his reputation—my friendſhip and his depends on the weathercock, and the moment that points weſterly, up blows a breeze that overſets it for ever.

Re-enter VICKERY, *croſſing the ſtage with his hat on.*

Capt. Ar. Vickery, where are you going in ſuch haſte?

Vickery. I can hardly tell, ſir—my maſter was in ſuch agitation when he gave me his orders, and he particularly deſired me not to inform you.

Capt. Ar. Not inform me!—ſpeak this inſtant, ſirrah. *(laying hold of him.)*

Tanjore. Ay, ſpeak this inſtant, ſirrah. *(laying hold of him.)*

Vickery. Then the truth is, the Alderman has lock'd up Miſs Emmeline, and ſent me for her Guardian, to whom ſhe is to he deliver'd and confin'd for life---there, now you know the fact, and I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Send for her Guardian and confine her for life!—what's to be done?—while my father is attach'd to this hypocrite, there is no way to extricate or ſave her.

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Yes, there is one—you ſeem a fine fighting fellow—Tom Tanjore's another, and as her father once ſav'd me from being confin'd, while I can cock a piſtol, or brandiſh a cane, I won't ſee his daughter expos'd to a ſimilar predicament—come along Ned---we'll trip up Obadiah and carry her off.

Capt. Ar. What! are you the friend of Emmeline?

Tanjore. Yes, and your's becauſe you are hers---come let's have at them---what! do you ſhirk?

Capt. Ar. I dare not go.

Tanjore. Dare not!---now this is always the way with your fighting gentlemen---but perhaps it's conſtitutional, and the poor fellow's conſcience is a little tender---ay, ay, ſome of us Nabobs have very weak nerves.

Capt. Ar. You miſconceive---her Uncle is my father---he has forbid me his preſence, and would you have me lift my arm againſt a parent.

Tanjore. No Ned: but as he is no father of mine, and Emmeline is in danger, there can be no harm in my trying trick, ſtratagem, or force, to protect her; therefore I'll ſtart alone; and may I go to India or to priſon---and one will of courſe follow the other---if I don't ſnatch her from Obadiah, and reſtore her to my dear Ned!

Capt. Ar. The attempt is hopeleſs; but be it as it may---I requeſt on knowing how I can return your kindneſs?

Tanjore. Why, there are two ways---the firſt is that you patch up your quarrel with Project, in order that you may celebrate your nuptials at his houſe, and the next is, that as Emmeline will like you the better for reſembling me, you marry her in the fellow coat to that I now wear---its a pretty hymeneal

hymeneal colour isn't it?---ſo huzza!---now for the onſet!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE---*An apartment in the* ALDERMAN'S *houſe hung with pictures, a portrait of the* ALDERMAN *in his gown and full dreſſed wig---leaning on a Plough---A round table---Two chairs and wine on the Table.*

The ALDERMAN *diſcovered aſleep.*

Ald. Ar. So there you are my dear niece till your guardian comes for you---*locks the door and takes out the key.*---I'll place the key by me and---(*puts the key on the round table and ſits down*)---plague take the girl!---to wake me out of my afternoon's nap, and the ſweeteſt agricultural dreams---however, ſhe is now as ſafe as the Rats in my granary, and Edward ſhall marry Cecilia directly---that being ſettled, I'll renew my paſtoral and delicious dreams!

(*dozes in his chair.*)

Enter TANJORE *haſtily.*

Tanjore. Where is ſhe?---I don't ſee her---ſhe's in this room perhaps---(*trying to open the ſtage door*) the door lock'd!---ha Obadiah!---how are you Obadiah!---(*waking him*)---what ſtill in the ſame dreſs?---damme, that waiſtcoat will be the ruin of you.

Ald. Ar. What the devil do you want, ſir?

Tanjore. I want Emmeline, Obadiah---couſin Billy has ſent me to conduct her to his houſe—— where is ſhe?---diſpatch, and tell your ſervant to get a coach, for it rains as hard as it can pour.

(*rain heard here.*)

Ald.

Ald. Ar. So it does!---oh!---my cabbages will grow as tall and thick as a wilderneſs——as to Emmeline, Mr. Tanjore, I ſhall deliver her to no perſon but her guardian himſelf.

Tanjore. Won't you?---then I'll give you a toaſt---come fill---nay, do exactly as if you were at home Obadiah---here's "ſucceſs to the next harveſt!"

Ald. Ar. I riſe to drink that---"ſucceſs to the next harveſt."---Ah Mr. Tanjore---if all farmers were ſo eaſily ſatisfied as I am---but they're always grumbling---railing at the weather---*(rain ſtopt)*---zounds, the rain ſtopt!---the cabbages will be burnt to a cinder.

Tanjore. (aſide, taking up the key.) What's here? no doubt the key of the priſon houſe---ſdeath!---why did I wake him?---however, if I get him off his favourite topic, he'll ſoon go to ſleep again---come Obadiah!---one more bumper, Obadiah!---and now I'll tell you a long ſtory.

Ald. Ar. Will you?---au---au— *(yauning.)*

Tanjore. A very long ſtory Obadiah——in the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, or ſomewhere thereabouts, there was a fine young fellow drinking wine with a grunting old Alderman—Alderman I beg pardon---I mean Bramin—well! after a glaſs or two the Bramin yawn'd—then doz'd—then clos'd his eyes, and at laſt, fell faſt aſleep, *(Alderman ſleeps, and Tanjore riſes,)* then this fine young fellow took a key off the table, and ſtealing to the priſon door, unlock'd it, and led forth one of the loveliеſt——

(as he is opening the door, Vickery enters haſtily.)

Tanjore. What's the matter, ſir?

Vickery. Mr. Project is below, ſir.

(Vickery takes np the bottle and glaſſes and proceeds to wake the Alderman.)

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Then let him ſtay there—zounds!—what are you at?

Vickery. Going to wake my maſter, ſir—there is a phyſician in Mr. Project's carriage, to whom Miſs Emmeline is to be deliver'd, and as he is in a hurry---

Tanjore. Don't touch him---I'll wake him, or the devil, or his own conſcience will wake him—begone ſirrah, or---(*exit Vickery with bottle and glaſſes*)---pheugh!---what's to be done now?---if I can't get this guardian out of the houſe without ſeeing the Alderman, murder will be the conſequence, for ſooner than give her up, curſe me if I don't ſhoot Billy, choak Obadiah, and poiſon the doctor!---pheugh!--- (*walking about in agitation*).

Project. (*without*) He's in this room is he?---very well---I ſhall ſee him——

Tanjore. See him!---no you ſhan't---if I can prevent their meeting at this moment, I may ſecure Emmeline's eſcape, and---how can I hide the old farmer?---I'll ſtand before him, and ſpread my coat---no---curſe theſe ſhort ſkirts---what can I deviſe?---Project at the door! the poor girl's fate depending on the event---I have it.---(*Turns up the round table, which completely covers the Alderman.*)---There---now he's as ſnug as if he was at Aldgate-Farm.

Enter PROJECT *with his hat on.*

Project. What couſin!---how came you here?---well!---how's the wind?

Tanjore. Southerly, Billy---by the heat ſoutherly---don't wear your hat in the room though---(*pulls it off*)---it's like a citizen left off buſineſs---pheugh!---

Project. Why, where's the Alderman?---he has ſent for me about Emmeline.

Tanjore. The Alderman's not at home---he's juſt gone to his farm, to ſow turnips, plant potatoes, and cut cabbages---if you want him, follow him---go---go Billy.

Project. Pooh!---I dare ſay he's in the next room---(*Alderman ſnores.*)---I hear him---at the old word!---aſleep and ſnoring.

Tanjore. No---it's not him---it's ſome of his live ſtock---

Project. Not him!---I'll ſwear to both the tune and the inſtrument, ſo come out Alderman---nay: ſtand by---I muſt ſee him---ſo wake and come out Alderman—(*opens ſtage door and leads on Emmeline*) Emmeline!---ha!---have I at laſt recover'd you?---come madam---without waſting time by recapitulating your paſt miſconduct, anſwer me this queſtion---will you return to your aſylum or accept the hand of this gentleman?

Tanjore. Accept the hand of the gentleman, to be ſure---take it Emmeline and we'll go get a parſon directly---there---now you can eſcape.

(*aſide.*)

Emme. No, ſir: I will no longer fly to artifice and ſubterfuge for ſafety---I have too long been paſſive and ſubmiſſive, and my cauſe is not ſo weak but I may boldly bring it to deciſion---call in my uncle, and when he hears our charges face to face, then let him ſay who is moſt fit to be confin'd?---Emmeline for the errors of the head, or her Guardian for the vices of the heart!

Tanjore. Well ſpoken my heroine---I'll give him a volley myſelf preſently.

Project.

Project. Call in your uncle!---he will not believe you---beſides where is your evidence---who will ſtand up?

Tanjore. I will—I'm always ready to ſhew a good face in a good cauſe; and the cauſe and the face are the two beſt that ever came before a court---I love your ward and may I double the Cape only to get once more doubled in a jail---jail did I ſay?---oh ay:---that was a nickname for one of my palaces---it was a caſtle ſo ſurrounded with walls, baſtions---in ſhort, it was ſo ſuperb, Billy, that I wiſh you were in it at this moment with all my heart.

Project. You love her do you?—then the buſineſs is ſettled at once---there---I join your hands.

Emme. No, ſir; I inſiſt my uncle may be call'd---he thinks you honeſt, me derang'd, and I'd convince him—(*Project ſmiles*)---what! is't a cauſe for triumph?—is malady to be derided, not lamented?---weak thoughtleſs man!—be thankful that your own poor reaſon is not loſt, and pray that it may ſoothe, and not inſult misfortune.

Project. You miſtake, Emmeline---I ſmil'd to think you could convince your uncle, when I and my wife can turn him round our fingers juſt as we pleaſe---hark'ye, coz---come here---nearer the table, if you take part againſt me at this moment, I'm ruin'd.

Tanjore. Are you? I've a great mind to twitch Obadiah and wake him. (*aſide.*)

Project. The fact is, I've embezzl'd her fortune, and if you marry her there'll be no overhawling of accounts---I'll make you amends by aſſigning over to you the Alderman's farm.

Tanjore. Oh! that Obadiah heard this? (*Here the Alderman puts his head over the table, Tanjore nods*

to him: *Alderman remains conceal'd.*) Oh, ho!—— So, Billy, you confin'd Emmeline becauſe you had involv'd her fortune! (*very loudly.*)

Project. Softly---if you ſpeak ſo loud the Alderman will hear you---it is as you ſay, her health is quite reſtor'd, but I have ſo embark'd her fortune in my ſchemes---

Tanjore. Say no more, make me over Aldgate-farm, and ſhe ſhall be a Nabob's wife to-morrow. Yonder's pen and ink, we'll ſign directly; and now Billy I think I ſhall repay you for all your kindneſs. (*goes up the ſtage.*)

Project. You will! you will! oh my dear, dear coz! you've ſecur'd me my beſt Speculation---ſo, madam, the tables are turn'd you ſee.

Emme. He too deſert me! my firmneſs then forſakes me! my uncle ſtill prejudiced, Edward about to be loſt for ever, what hope have I but in my Guardian's humanity?---Oh ſir! behold me once again imploring your protection.

Tanjore. (*coming down the ſtage with pen, ink, and paper.*) Here coz, let's ſign---why Obadiah thinks he has a long leaſe, don't he?

Project. Oh the poor clodpole!---he knows as much about ſecurity, as he does about a farm; and as he is waſting hundreds on rotten ſheep and blighted cabbages, I'll kindly give you the means of turning him out at a moment's warning: here---now for my beſt Speculation! (*Pulls down the table to write upon it. Alderman leans acroſs the table and ſtares Project full in the face. Project puſhes down the chair he was going to ſit upon, and ſtands aghaſt.*)

Ald. Ar. (*with his arms on the Table.*) Oh you conſummate ſcoundrel!---this is your Speculation is it?

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Why Billy, the tables are turn'd indeed!

Project. They are—did the Alderman hear?

Ald. Ar. He did; the Alderman heard that the farm was to be let over his head, that he was waſting hundreds on rotten ſheep and blighted cabbages; and what's more, the Alderman heard of this poor girl's perſecution. Niece, give me your hand, henceforth, I'll be a friend, a comforter, a father to you.

Project. Couſin, I wiſh I was in your Indian palace.

Tanjore. Don't be afraid, you'll be there ſooner than you expect.

Ald. Ar. Sir, I deſire you'll quit my houſe directly---ſtop though---*(takes Project aſide)*---in three hours time repay me and this lady all the money you have ſchem'd us out of, or——you think I don't underſtand farming, Mr. Project; but this I know, that when ſtray cattle are found eating up other people's property, they are ſecur'd; and the King's Bench ſhall be your pound, you interloper.

Project. Couſin, ſtay and try to compoſe him,---then follow me, and---ah!---now my only hope is a weſterly wind! [*Exit.*

Emme. Generous young man! I perceive why you took part againſt me—uncle you know not half his kindneſs.

Ald. Ar. I do though---the ſly rogue cock'd his eye to me behind the table, and I ſuppoſe whiſk'd it up on purpoſe---well! come with me to my lawyers---Oh the ſcheming ſcoundrel! he has made ſuch dupes of us, Emmeline, that I'd give up farming to find any body that has trick'd him.---I tell

tell you what Mr. Tanjore, don't give him any of the treaſures of the Eaſt.

Tanjore. No, that I won't; for ſo far from having the treaſures of the Eaſt to give, I expect my taylor will ſend me to the King's Bench every moment:---you take the joke Obadiah, don't you?

Ald. Ar. I do! Oh the poor clodpole!---come---I'm glad you've outſchem'd him.

Tanjore. So am I: and when Speculators and monopoliſts, from ſordid ſelfiſh motives, diſtreſs their fellow creatures, and bring odium on their country, may they be caught in their own ſnare, and, like Project, have the tables turn'd upon them!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE---*An elegant Room in the* King's Bench.

Enter PROJECT, *and* PROMPTLY.

Project. Ay, ay: this room will do very well for the little time I ſhall ſtay: get it ready, and in the mean time I'll return and finiſh my converſation with Sir George. Why, you have very good company here, in the King's Bench. Oh! I beg pardon---College, I think you call it.

Prom. Yes, College is the polite name for Priſon, ſir: pray, won't you pull off your boots?

Project. No, as I ſhall ſoon get my diſcharge, I remain booted and ſpur'd ready to ride away, you ſee---though ſir George has been telling me, that a fox-hunter, who has been a priſoner here theſe ten years, has been ſo ſure of getting out every moment, that he has been booted and ſpur'd the whole time: however, I've written to my couſin Tanjore, told him the alderman has arreſted me: and there's no doubt but he'll come inſtantly and pay the debt—ſo get the room ready.

Prom. Yes, ſir: but about the chum.

Project. The chum!---what's that?

Prom. Your companion, ſir: every room in the King's Bench has two tenants; and unleſs you buy the other gentleman——

Project. (*giving him money*) There then, I buy the other gentleman: there's for the chum; and now, when Mr. Tanjore comes, call me---(*looks round*

round the room.) um! hah! handſome room, good furniture; and if all fails, perhaps this is as good a place for Speculation as any other. (*Exit.*

Enter MEANWELL, *ſhewing in* TANJORE.

Mean. Nay, look up, ſir: Mr. Promptly, here's a priſoner juſt arriv'd, who is ſo melancholy, that I've brought him to your gay apartments to raiſe his ſpirits: were you never in jail before, ſir.

Tan. Yes: in India, ſir---heigho!

Prom. Come, look around you, and be cheerful: why, what are you? and who arreſted you?

Tam. I'm a Nabob, and my taylor arreſted me for thirty pounds, (*looks up*) heh! how? egad! this is not like the Indian palace: pray, ſir, inform me; are all the rooms like this?

Mean. No: I wiſh they were: mine is a wretched one; but having been all my life at ſea, I know nothing about the town: the laſt tenant of this room was a Blackleg.

Prom. And the preſent one is a Swindler, I fancy, for he came here in a coach and four.

Tan. Came to jail in a coach and four! ah! I ſee how it is: 'tis here as elſewhere---the fraudulent debtor rolls in luxury: the unfortunate one ſtarves; and while a gallant ſeaman is in one room freezing without fire or food, a daſhing money-lender is in the next, quaffing champagne, and drinking "confuſion to his creditors!"—but no matter: they hang themſelves, or the law hangs them; for the Devil will have his own.

Prom. Ay, ay, we have but three or four of them.

Tan. So much the better: but as I ſhall certainly be out in a few minutes——what do you ſmile at

at? I've ſent to my couſin Project; and I'm ſure he won't ſuffer me to be confin'd for the paltry ſum of thirty pounds—no, no: my getting out is a certainty; and as I wiſh to ſee this coach and four gentleman, before I go, I'll, with your leave, ſit down here till he comes.

Prom. With all my heart: I'm glad we leave you in better ſpirits. [*Exit with* Meanwell.

Tan. (*ſolus*) Being alone, I get nervous again: this now, is the end of diſſipation! of loſing large ſums at Bubble's club, and waſting others on houſes, horſes, carriages—and where was the gratification? when I us'd to daſh through the ſtreets in my phaeton, every body was envying, ſneering—nobody ſeem'd pleas'd: nobody! yes? hang it, the bailiffs us'd to ſmile: they us'd to think it a fine ſight; and nod and wink, as much as to ſay—"Ah, Maſter! thoſe horſes heads will be turn'd tow'rds our lock-up houſes at laſt:" oh! I hope Billy won't forſake me!

Re-enter PROJECT. (*Tanjore is ſitting with his back to him.*

Project. I'm quite uneaſy at Tanjore's not coming: what are a few thouſands to a man of his fortune—(*ſits down with his back turn'd to Tanjore.*) I hope he won't deſert me:—heigho!

Tan. Heigho!

Project. This is the chum, I ſuppoſe: he don't know I've bought him. [*aſide.*

Tan. Here's the Swindler, I imagine: he ſeems as miſerable as myſelf: I'll condole with him—(*aſide.*) Pray, ſir, what firſt induc'd you to keep a coach and four?

Project. Zounds! what's that to you, ſir: I

have bought you, and—*(here they both look round, and meet face to face)* what do I ſee? my dear, dear couſin!

Tan. Is't poſſible? oh, my kind, kind Billy!—*(they embrace, and then riſe.)*

Project. I thought he wouldn't forſake me at this moment.

Tan. I ſaid, I ſhould be out to a certainty.

Project. Well, here we are, coz.

Tan. Yes, here we are, coz.

Project. I knew I ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here to day.

Tan. Did you? it was a pleaſure I didn't know of myſelf; but I ſha'nt ſtay now: the ſooner we go out the better, I ſay; come along, Billy.

Project. Ay, come along, Nabob—*(they go to the ſtage door, and ſtop.)* have you paid the debt coſts though?

Tan. No, but you have, and that's the ſame thing you know: come—

Project. Come——you forget, coz: how can a man, that's in limbo, as they call it, come and—

Tan. What!

Project. How can I, that am a priſoner in the College here?

Tan. Are you a priſoner?

Project. To be ſure I am: I'm not like you: I can't walk in and out.

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What's the matter with you?

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What the devil do you laugh at? why don't you go and diſcharge the debt?

Tan. I can't, I can't: *(ſtill laughing.)* becauſe I'm in limbo too! I'm a priſoner myſelf: ſo give me your hand—here we are to a certainty!—lord!

it's

it's nothing when your'e us'd to it; and if you'd been in an Indian College as long as I was—zounds! what have I ſaid?

Project. How's that? what did you ſay? impriſon'd in India!

Tan. Well: it's in vain to conceal it: the truth muſt come out at laſt, ſo the fact is, couſin, the ſhips are arriv'd: they have brought over the rich Mr. Tanjore, with bullion, pearls, and diamonds; but I'm ſorry to ſay, in their hurry, they left all my treaſure behind.

Project. Then curſe me, if one of my ſpeculations have ſucceeded: I'll give up ſcheming: I'll—anſwer me, ſir: how dare you waſte a gentleman's fortune, when you knew you could never repay him?

Tan. And how came you to waſte a lady's fortune, when you knew you could never repay her?

Project. But you talked of your riches, ſir: ſaid my houſe could never hold them.

Tan. Well; and havn't I kept my word? look-'ye, ſir: when I left this country, ruin'd by you and the club; you refus'd even to ſhake hands with me at parting: I'm indebted to you for your hoſpitality, and for that, I thank you—down to the very ground; you made me welcome in your apartments: I beg you'll be at no ceremony in mine: ſit down, Billy.

Project. If I could only get free and leave him—What do I ſee? the Alderman! no doubt, his regard for my wife has induced him to come and ſettle my affairs.—(*Enter Alderman* ARABLE)—Ah, my old generous friend, I thought you'd forgive me; I knew you'd procure a diſcharge.

Ald. Ar. You thought right; I have procured the diſcharge.

Tan. Why, Obadiah, are you too in limbo? What the devil brings you here?---(*looks at his dreſs*)---Ah! ah! didn't I ſay, that waiſtcoat would be the ruin of you?

Project. Mr. Nabob, I leave you to the miſery you deſerve, never mind though, while you ſtay in the college here, you neednt't pay your debts, and nothing is ſo comfortable as to have a good warm houſe over your head, ſo good bye, chum.

Tan. What have you brought his diſcharge, Obadiah, and—

Ald. Ar. No, but I've brought yours, here it is, my boy; I heard you were pounded, and I came as eagerly to get you out, as if you'd been part of my own live ſtock; come along though, I want you to go directly and find my ſon Jack; he's either at his own chambers or Bubble's club; you muſt find him and tell him I want Emmeline's marriage ſettlement drawn directly.

Tan. Emmeline's marriage-ſettlement! with whom, ſir?

Ald. Ar. Hark ye, come here—(*takes* TANJORE *aſide*)---Lady Project has at laſt conſented to an aſſignation; her paſſion for the paſtoral virtues of her ſweet ſhepherd, as ſhe calls me, has induced her to meet me *tête a tête* in her dreſſing-room; now, in an hour's time—Oh! I know my perſon and the Nova Scotia mutton would make an impreſſion at laſt! therefore, at her interceſſion (*turning to* P.) I've determin'd that Emmeline ſhall marry her old ſuitor, Sir Frederick; he was her father's choice, and as Edward has offended me, he ſhall be mine.

Project. Say you ſo? then I've an iron in the fire yet. [*aſide.*

Tan.

Tan. What are you at, Obadiah? Lady Stingy will make as great a dupe of you as her huſband has; ſhe is a woman of deſign, one of thoſe half-and-half ladies whoſe reputation depends on keeping open houſe; and entertainment, or no entertainment, makes or mars her reputation—don't you remember her fainting in my arms?

Ald. Ar. I do, but her grandmother was cloſe at hand; yes, I am the idol of her heart, and ſhe is to receive me in her dreſſing-room, that ſacred temple that not even her huſband ever entered. Good day, Mr. Project; I've already quitted Aldgate farm, and taken a ſnug profitable one near Iſlington, where you'll always be welcome to—the rotten ſheep and blighted cabbages—come, Nabob.

Tan. We'll talk further about this Lady Project——Chum, good bye! while you ſtay in the College you needn't pay your debts you know, and nothing is ſo comfortable as to have a good warm houſe over your head, particularly when the wind is high and weſterly! hem! come along, Obadiah!

(*Exit with Alderman.*

Project. (*rubbing his hands.*) Bravo! if Sir Frederick marries Emmeline, he takes her with the fortune in its entangled ſtate, and conſequently I ſhall be diſcharged—(*Enter a* Servant *who gives him a letter*)—from my wife!—*Reads:*

"*My dear Huſband,*

"I've only time to ſay, that if you hear of "an aſſignation between me and the Alderman, "be convinc'd it is to ſecure the marriage be-

" tween Emmeline and Sir Frederick, and thus
" reſtore you to your
affectionate wife,
KATHARINE PROJECT."

Kind wife and kind Sir Frederick! I'll go and communicate the good news to Sir George ——Oh! this is a ſafe ſpeculation! and not like the Indian one—fool! blockhead that I was, to take that broken-down prodigal, for the rich Mr. Tanjore, however, this is a different ſcheme—yes, yes, it depends on my wife's prudence, and Heaven be praiſed, not on ſhips, water, Nabobs, or weſterly winds! [*Exit.*

SCENE.——BUBBLE'S *Club. A Flat with two Doors.*

Enter from one Door JACK ARABLE *and a Servant.*

Jack. Curſe my bad luck, or rather curſe my bad management, to be at Epſom only ten minutes and loſe all the Spaniſh; I thought to make an excellent hedge, when plague on't, I found I had betted the long odds both ways; then to borrow thirty of the man at the coffee-houſe and take a daſh here at Bubble's, to loſe that too, and then be bothered by one's clerk about law buſineſs. Well, ſir, what——

Serv. The ſpecial Pleader has ſent you theſe declarations, ſir.

Jack Ar. Why, is it term time?

Serv. Term began four days ago, ſir.

Jack Ar. And I on a race ground the whole time! come, that's fair, very fair. (*ſits.*) I don't think

think my education ſo finiſhed as I thought, for if it was I never could be ſo ignorant, as to bet the long odds both ways; I wonder who wins? for when I complain of my loſſes, every body elſe ſays they have loſt too; hang me! if ever I ſaw a man that had won in my life.

Enter TANJORE. (*from the other door*).

Tan. Done it at laſt! huzza! here's retribution, Jack, retribution!

Jack Ar. Why, what is this? Who are you, ſir?

Tan. The luckieſt dog in Europe, Jack. Your father Obadiah ſent me to look after you here at Bubble's, and not ſeeing you I put my hand in my pocket where I found five guineas my ſiſter had lent me, "I'll have a touch," ſays I, "this Faro Bank diſhed me formerly, now I'll try to diſh them"---down went the five guineas on your nameſake the knave of clubs, Jack, the knave in my favour! I cock't it---once more in my favour!---cock'd it again, till it had won ſo often, that I thought the ſhips were arrived, and I was a Nabob in reality.

Jack. Ar. And what's all this to me? what do I care for your luck?

Tan. (*Putting Rouleaus, Guineas and Bank notes on the table.*) Here they are; look, you rogue, look! how I feel for the poor devils that loſt them! I always pity the unlucky ones, don't you, Jack?

Jack. Ar. Zounds, ſir, I am an unlucky one; that was my Poney and that was my Bank note.

Tan. Was it? then take it again and go and put it on the knave; I'm ſerious, Jack, take it, and

—by

——by the Ganges! that's a neat Niſi Prius dreſs; What! you prefer a ſcarlet coat to a black one?

Jack Ar. Ay, and cards to briefs; ſo give me the Spaniſh and let me be off.

Enter Captain ARABLE, *haſtily.*

Capt. Ar. Stay, and grant a brother's laſt requeſt, nay, I muſt and will be heard; by my father's orders, are you not going to draw a ſettlement between Emmeline and Sir Frederick?

Jack. Ar. Me going to draw a ſettlement!---No, I'm going to cock the knave; and as to father, he can't blame me, becauſe he once play'd himſelf, you know. I'll tell you how it was, ſir; (*to* TANJORE.) he was ſent for, as magiſtrate, to put down a hazard table---in he came with the conſtables---puſh'd down the groom porter---ſeiz'd the caſter---laid hold of the dice-box, when lo! as if there was magic in the wood, he caſt his eyes at the guineas on the table, and avarice ſo completely got the better of juſtice, that he hallowed out, "ſeven's the main—at all in the ring, my jolly boys."

Tan. Well! and they cheated him, gave him loaded dice.

Jack. Ar. No, that wasn't worth while; they ſaw what a flat he was, ſo picked his pocket at once! famous, heh? adieu, brother; farewell, benefactor! here's the Spaniſh once more!

[*Exit looking at the Bank note.*

Tan. (To Captain.) Don't ſtop him, Ned; let him go, I ſay; if he's out of the way, the ſettlement can't be drawn; I gave him the money on purpoſe.—

Capt. Ar. This is but temporary conſolation, while the Alderman's abſurd vanity attaches him

to

to Lady Project, there is no hope of ſaving Emmeline; and to loſe her after all the conflicts we have ſuffered! to ſee her given to another, at the moment when I thought her mine for ever; then perhaps to ſee her mind but late reſtored, again involved;—by Heaven! that thought will madden mine.

Tan. So it ought, if you will talk of your own ſufferings and forget her's, poor girl! did you tell her?

Capt. Ar. I did, and when ſhe heard ſhe was to wed Sir Frederick, there was a wild emotion in her countenance portending that her fever would return—ſhe ſaid, "they'd rob her of all hope, and once more ſteal her ſenſes; yet they ſhould not, I would not let them, would I?" then with a ſigh ſhe left me; Oh, my friend! I am not uſed to ſink beneath misfortune, but this laſt ſcene has quite unman'd me.

Tan. More ſhame for you, it only animates me, misfortunes always rouſe me, and if ever you ſhould be in priſon at Madras, the gaolers there will tell you ſo. I've already expoſed the huſband; now I'll try to manage the wife; ſhe loves money; here's plenty, ſo I'll go directly and bribe her.

Capt. Ar. That will be hopeleſs, nothing but exciting the Alderman's jealouſy.

Tan. I'll try that too, Obadiah half ſuſpects me at preſent, ſo wait for your brother and come together to Lady Project's, and by the time you arrive if all isn't to your wiſhes, may the monſoon deluge me! may Tippoo torture me! may the Maratta's ——but this is no time for fine ſpeeches——follow me to Lady Project's,—(*going, returns.*) d'ye hear, Ned, bring your wedding coat along with you, for damme, but you ſhall be Emmeline's huſband this very night! [*Exeunt ſeparately.*

SCENE—*Lady* PROJECT'S *dreſſing room.*

Enter Lady PROJECT *with a paper in her hand, follow'd by a ſervant.*

Lady Pro. When the Alderman comes, ſhew him up ſtairs. (*exit ſervant.*) I have honour'd him with this tête a tête in my dreſſing room, to ſecure the marriage; and he ſha'n't leave the room, till he ſigns this agreement; which binds him in a penalty of ten thouſand pounds to give Emmeline to Sir Frederick. Thus by œconomy——

Serv. (without.) Sir, you muſtn't paſs.—This is my lady's dreſſing room.

Tanjore. (*without.*) I tell you, I will come up. Stand by, ſirrah. (*Tanjore enters.*) So Kitty! here's the Nabob.

Lady Pro. Heavens! Where do you come from, ſir?

Tanjore. From the college, coz; where I left Billy ſo certain of getting out, that he was ready booted and ſpur'd.

Lady Pro. Sir, I inſiſt you leave the room—I'm engaged—beſides I ſhould be ſorry to uſe hard words; but your conduct has been ſo little ſhort of that of a ſwindler——

Tanjore. Coz, why ſo? though I didn't get money in India, I've got it in England—look here!

[*Shewing bank notes.*

Lady Pro. Hundreds I declare! Who gave you theſe notes? Some ſwindling knave, I ſuppoſe.

Tanjore. It was a knave, but not a ſwindling one, upon my honour. Look here, and here! enough to give ten wedding dinners, and buy all the ſhawls, china, and chintzes in Europe.—Don't the ſight charm you?

Lady

Lady Pro. It does; and when a man has money, it don't ſignify whether he got it in India or England. My dear couſin, my houſe and table were always open to you; and if I knew how to oblige you——

Tanjore. There is a way Kitty—as you ſtill govern the Alderman, perſuade him to let Edward marry Emmeline---do, and half theſe are yours. (*Putting rouleaus in her hand.*) There,—and I wiſh from my ſoul that all who have luck at the gaming table, may diſpoſe of their winnings in ſo benevolent a manner.

Lady Pro. Impoſſible!---The only mode of ſettling my huſband's affairs, is by Sir Frederick's marrying Emmeline; and therefore as my pride will not ſuffer him to remain in priſon, and the living there is too expenſive, I ſhall make the Alderman ſign this agreement which binds him in a penalty of ten thouſand pounds———

Tanjore. Make him ſign this agreement---make him renew Emmeline's malady---break his ſon's heart---ſeparate---curſe it! what's the uſe of winning, when money will not purchaſe even momentary gratification? Now do Kitty: there's a dear, liberal, generous girl. Think how they love each other: think---here are more rouleaus, here——

[*A knocking at the door.*

Lady Pro. Bleſs me! if this ſhould be the Alderman? (*looks out.*) it is! come to keep an aſſignation and find another man in my dreſſing room! Go, ſir, get out of the way directly---ſtep into the next room ---hide yourſelf——

Tanjore. I ſay, Kitty; don't you remember when Obadiah caught you fainting in my arms?

Lady Pro. I do: and that's an additional motive for concealing yourſelf.---Now pray retire. (*Tanjore*

nods aſſent.) Thanks my kind couſin. (*Tanjore pauſes.*) Why, what's the matter with you? What makes you put your hand to your head? Are you ill?——

Tanjore. Softly: it's my old complaint—a giddineſs—a vertigo—I'm going—hold me or I ſhall tumble—Oh, I'm ſick, I'm———

Lady PROJECT *holds out her arm to ſupport him.* TANJORE *reſts himſelf upon it, and the* Alderman *enters.*

Ald. Ar. Where is my life, my love?——Holloa! what the devil's all this?

Tanjore. Only the tables turn'd again, you ſee, Obadiah, you ſee. (*Comes away from Lady Project.*) Couſin, I'm better.

Ald. Ar. Why, where's her grandmother? Oh! this is beyond her huſband's ſpeculation!

Tanjore. (*aſide to Ald.*) If you want further proof, look at thoſe rouleaus which ſhe took as a bribe: then read that agreement: then——

Ald. Ar. My eyes are open'd. I was partly convinc'd before I came; but now, I give all my love to the wind—pheugh!—there, it's gone! and the Alderman's himſelf again! (*Enter a ſervant.*) Step over the way to Sir Frederick's, and tell him to come here directly, and bring Emmeline and Cecilia along with him. (*Servant exit.*) I left them there in company with the real Nabob, the rich Mr. Tanjore, who ſeems as fond of your ſiſter as I am of my new farm; and takes as much notice of her perſon, as you have done of my waiſtcoat.---It's a match, isn't it?

Tanjore. I hope ſo. It's an old attachment. He's a worthy fellow, and next to being a Nabob myſelf, I ſhould like to be brother to one.

Enter

Enter Sir FREDERICK, EMMELINE, *and* CECILIA.

Lady Pro. Ay; now Alderman you can give Emmeline to her huſband.

Ald. Ar. So I can, and ſo I will. Emmeline, give me your hand—nay, don't think to avoid me. I inſiſt you marry the man I have in my eye.

Sir Fred. (advancing to take EMMELINE's *hand.)* Alderman, you are all kindneſs.

Emme. Let me entreat you, ſir, hear me——

Ald. Ar. I'll hear nobody. I wouldn't hear the Board of Agriculture if they were going to adjudge me a prize. I tell you, take the man I chuſe for your huſband. *(Enter* Captain *and Jack* ARABLE.) there; (*giving* EMMELINE *to* EDWARD.) now don't interrupt me, for the clouds are chuck full of water, and there's been lately ſo much bad weather, that ſunſhine will be welcome to us all.

Tanjore. Emmeline, I give you joy. Ned, your hand. Fred, yours. Obadiah, I ſhall like you and your waiſtcoat as long as I live. Kitty, yours. And now let me adviſe you to order your coach and four. Drive to the college and try to raiſe the wind ---a weſterly one if poſſible.

Lady Pro. Come, Sir Frederick; I believe we'd better retire: only I beg leave to obſerve, that if any body defames my character, I ſhall proſecute them notwithſtanding the expences of the law. I'll have my reputation juſtified if it coſts me five pounds. Come, ſir.

Tanjore. Ay; that's about the value of it. Go, Fred. go.—Go. (Lady *and Sir* FREDERICK *exeunt.*) I ſay, Kitty, my love to your grandmother.

Ald. Ar. Edward, forget and forgive my boy, Though Project has hurt Emmeline's fortune, there's enough left to make you live happy---if not, take

take a landed eſtate near mine, and I'll ſhew you how to make a fortune by farming, you rogue.

Jack. (*to Tanjore.*) Yes; I cock'd the knave, but I loſt all the Spaniſh---hang it! I'm half tir'd of gambling, and if I won ten thouſand a year, I don't think I could tell how to ſpend it?

Tanjore. Couldn't you? then take a wife, Jack, and ſhe'll tell you how to ſpend it---enter into the ſchool of matrimony, Mr. Batchelor of Arts, and there finiſh your education.---Cecily here has ſet you an example: havn't you——

Cecilia. I have from two motives: firſt becauſe Mr. Henry Tanjore has long won my affections, and ſecondly becauſe he means to give affluence to his nameſake. My dear brother, you may now return to India and live in a palace in reality; for a third of my huſband's rupees and pagodas are at your diſpoſal.

Jack Ar. Are they? that's fair, very fair.

Emme. (*to Tanjore.*) And is there none to ſhare your treaſures?---is there no fair one worthy a heart ſo warm and ſo benevolent.

Tanjore. (*ſhaking his head.*) Hereafter perhaps it may find one like Emmeline's.---Till then, I ſhall purſue a plan, which had Project follow'd, he had now been happy---that is, not to waſte a fortune in diſſipation, and try to retrieve it, by falſe and unjuſt Speculation.

If we muſt ſcheme let us try Projects here.
When they have merit, where's our cauſe for fear?
If they have not, good humour props our cauſe;
So make us Nabobs, by your kind applauſe.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, proceed we now to ſay
Something about, or not about the play;
Fine ſubject ours—rare times! when Speculation
Engroſſes every ſubject in the nation;
To help the State,—Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the Omnium, venture their laſt ſhilling;
Nay, ſome ſubſcribe their thouſands to the Loan,
Without a ſingle ſixpence of their own:

Be that their Speculation—I profeſs,
To ſpeculate on one thing only—Dreſs;
Shew me your garments, Gents, and Ladies fair;
I'll tell you whence you come, and who you are——
But ſportſman like, to hit the game, I'll try,
Charge, prime; preſent my glaſs, and cock my eye.
What a fine Harveſt this glad Seaſon yields!
Some Ladies' heads appear like ſtubble fields;
Who now of threaten'd famine dare complain?
When every female forehead teems with Grain;—
See how the wheat-ſheaves nod amid the plumes!
Our Barns are now transferr'd to Drawing-rooms;
And huſbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their Granaries, may thraſh their wives;
Nor wives alone prolific, notice draw,
Old Maids, and young ones, all are in the ſtraw.—
That damſel wrapt in ſhawls, who looks ſo blue,
Is a return from India—things wont do——

The

EPILOGUE.

The market's up—ſhe couldn't change her name;
No rich Ram-Rowws, or Wang jang Wappers came;
Bad Speculation, Bet, ſo far to roam;
Black legs go out, and Jail birds now come home——

Yon ſtripling there—all trowſers, and cravat,
No body, and no chin—is call'd a Flat;
And he beſide him, with a ſquare cut frock,
Button'd before, behind a ſquare cut dock;
Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loſer,
Either a man of faſhion, or a bruiſer:
A man of faſhion! nothing but a quiz—
I'll ſhew you what a man of breeding is:
With back to fire, ſlouch'd hat, and knowing ſlang,
He charms his miſtreſs by this ſweet harangue;
"Well, pretty, lovely Lucy! how d'ye do?
"Come, ſee my puppy!" "No, Harry, to ſee you."
"You're vaſtly welcome, you ſhall ſee my ſtud,
"And ride my poney,"—"*Harry, your'e too good.*"
"Zounds! how it freezes! Fly was Sancho's fire—
"Miſs, can you ſee?"—"I'd like to ſee the fire."
That's your politeneſs—that's your flaming lover:
The fair may chill—but he'll be warm all over.

We're an odd medley, we muſt all confeſs—
Strange in our manners, ſtranger in our dreſs:
Whim is the word—droll pantomimic age!
With true tip-tops of taſte, Groteſque's the Rage!
Beaux in long ſleeves, and ſmall cloaths cloſe confin'd,
Belles bunch'd before, and bundled up behind;
The ſlights of faſhion bordering on buffoon,
One looks like Punch, the other Pantaloon:
But hold—my raillery makes ſome look gruff—
So I'll ſteal off—I think I've ſaid enough.

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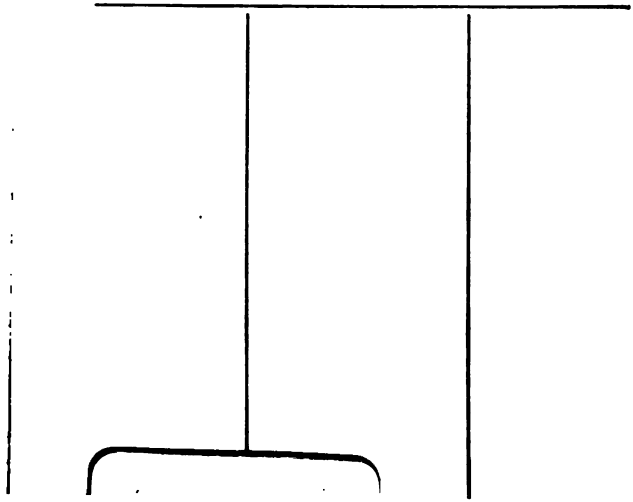
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